THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL—Devoted to Literature, Science, Mechanics, Foreign and Domestic News, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

PUBLISHED BY WM. M. SWAIN & CO., LEDGER BUILDINGS, S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS---$1 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XXII. PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1864. NO. 48.

J K Ulrich 52 ?

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

A RHYME OF CHEER.

BY G. J.

O, friends! what works are by us done
In gloom, that are our gaining?
What triumphs have we ever won
By sighing and complaining?
Why should we when the tempest shrouds,
Sit down in rain repining,
Forgetting that above the clouds
The heavens still are shining!
Unthinking that, if it were not
For dark and rainy hours,
The sunshine, falling fierce and hot,
Would wither all the flowers.
It may be sad truth when we say
That evil times have found us,
But surely night cannot always
Its shadows hold around us.
Let us look up where bright above
Hope's morning star is gleaming,
Cheer each faint heart with words of love,
And waken from our dreaming.
And let us not anticipate
Our future cares and sorrows,
But live through dark to-days and wait
The dawn of bright to-morrows.
Nor grasp for joys that they may bring
With eagerness o'erweening,
Remembering that the brightest Spring
May slowest be in greening.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

CONTRASTS.

BY ALP.

Sunlight will not always brighten
O'er us, time its dark days hath!
Shadows that no sunbeams lighten
Often will obscure our path!
Joy which makes the eye look clearest,
In part only fills life's leaf;
And the heart when seeming nearest
Unto bliss, is nigh to grief!

Gloom and mirth, with hands together,
Chase our footsteps here alway;
First a gleam of sunny weather,
Then a storm beclouded day;
Laughter from the heart up-welling,
Contrasts strangely in our ears,
With the wail of anguish telling
Us, how near are bitter tears

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

THE REFUGEE; OR THE BEECH SEAL.

A Tale of the early Colonial Disputes.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY GEORGE A. MORSE, ESQ.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WIFE'S DEATH.

James Morgan was bending over the couch on which lay the form of his dying wife. The exposure to the inclement weather on the stormy night had matured the seeds of disease already implanted in her system, and her last end was now drawing nigh. She lay upon the same couch that had received her on her first arrival, her cheeks flushed with the burning fever, and her mind wandering back to scenes of trial through which she had passed.

"Away!" she exclaimed, "away with your vile offers, Philip Colden! I despise you! Oh, Paul, save—oh, save me from this man! Where are you, James?"

"Here, darling!" sobbed the tenderly loving, broken-hearted man. "Here, my dear Agnes," and he gathered her attenuated hands in his rough, broad palm.

She opened her eyes at the sound and fixed them upon his face with a troubled, uncertain look. Gradually they became more and more intelligent as they wandered round the room, and at last she spoke. Her voice was now low and broken, but she was at last rational.

"I have been very sick, James," she said, "and I am dying; but I do not fear it. You will be lonely, I know, but we shall meet again by-and-by. Do not weep, James—I have been expecting this hour for a long time!"

"I know you have, Agnes!" interrupted the husband, "though you have tried to keep it from me—I've seen it on your mind all the while!"

"Yes, I did try to keep it from you, James, for I did not want it to worry you. You've been a kind husband, and I wish you might have had a better wife," said she, gently. "Nay, let me go on," she continued, as he attempted to speak, "you've done all that was in your power, and God will bless you for it. I have never had cause for complaint, even though I know I've tried you sadly."

The strong man shook his head, but dared not trust his voice to reply; she looked up in his face and motioned for him to bend his head down. He did so, and she pressed a long, lingering kiss upon his lips.

"Now let me see my little child," she whispered.

The child was brought, and she pressed it to her bosom with all a mother's yearning tenderness. "Be kind to it, James, for it's mother's sake, and may its life run smooth and peaceful. Give my love to Paul, James, you know what cause I have to bless him—and do not grieve for me—for me to die, is gain,' says the blessed book; oh, James, we have not studied it as we should, will you read it more, for my sake?"

He gave the required promise, and she smiled her thanks, and giving his hand a gentle pressure, she breathed her last, quietly, sweetly, trusting on a Heavenly Father's love.

James Morgan closed the eyes of his gentle wife, and went out to give vent to his sorrow where no eye but that of his God could see him. It was a heavy blow, and the powerful frame of the stricken man writhed and trembled fearfully in the attempt to suppress the anguish that filled his bosom. But he gradually became calmer, and he returned to the house with a pale cheek and a stern brow, but he gave no further sign of the great sorrow that was gnawing at his heart.

The next day the last mortal remains of pure a shady dell, where the first wild flowers of spring raised their heads, and the song of birds was not interrupted by the intrusion of man.

Leaving his child to the care of the Wallis family, he shouldered his rifle and went out to dispel the anguish of heart by mingling in the labors of his friend Brad. Grant.

Away up on the western slope of the Green Mountains, surrounded on all sides but the west by luxuriant rock-maples, stood a cabin with more than common pretension to beauty. Though built of the common materials, huge logs, locked at the ends, and the interstices stuffed with clay, yet the projecting eaves, supported by slender posts that were wreathed with woodbine, the many glazed windows, and the scrupulous neatness manifested in the arrangement of the common accessories of border life, disclosed the influence of a cultivated mind. The interior of the house presented a no less striking aspect than the outside. The main room was furnished with two large tables, a ponderous carved escritoire, and numerous arm-chairs, the whole of dark polished oak. Over the huge stone fire-place, suspended upon the antlers of a noble buck, rested an excellent rifle, with the necessary appendages of powder-horn and bullet-pouch, the whole mounted with silver. One of the tables, at the extreme end of the room, was covered with a collection of books, drawing materials, a pile of music and a silver-keyed flageolet. A tall easel in one corner, and a number of fine paintings distributed round the room, indicated a passion for art totally unexpected in such a place. The occupants of this tastefully furnished apartment were our young friend Brad. Grant and a pleasant-faced, fair-haired woman, whom he addressed as mother. He had evidently been giving an account of the expedition of the Yorkers, for he was just saying—

"I saw them bound to the trees, mother, and then I came away, for I could not bear the sight that was to follow," when he was interrupted by a knock at the door.

Mrs. Grant arose, and opening it, confronted a tall young man, who craved permission to rest his party under her roof, as he feared that there was soon to be a shower, and he did not wish to expose the ladies to the rain.

Somewhat surprised at the refinement of his language, she gave an immediate assent, and turning to her son, remarked:

"Will you show the gentlemen where to put their horses, Brad?"

"Certainly, dear mother," said he, hastening to the door.

But the next moment he sprang back, while the stranger ejaculated:

"Paul Barnett!"

"Herman Stoddart!" answered the surprised scout.

"Elsie, Elsie," exclaimed Herman, hurrying to the side of one of the two ladies who, with an elderly gentleman, made up the party, "dismount instantly, our old friend Paul is here!"

In a few minutes the whole party were pressing around the fugitive, overwhelming him with questions and expressing their pleasure at once more beholding him so long thought dead.

"Is it possible that I am once more in possession of your good opinion?" exclaimed Paul, after the first rush of feelings were somewhat quieted. "Mother, your words have proved true," he continued; "I am now amply repaid for all my trials!"

"But, Paul, tell us how you came here?" "What became of the Albatros?" "Why have we not heard from you in so long a time?" were questions poured upon him in quick succession by the whole group.

"Have patience, my dear friends!" said Paul, as we must now call him, laughing. "Let us have some supper, mother, and I will tell my adventures as the dessert."

The party laughingly acquiesced, and while Paul and Herman went out to attend to the horses, Elsie and Mrs. Burghart disrobed and removed the travel stains, after which they joined Mr. Burghart, who was chatting pleasantly with Mrs. Barnett, (lately Mrs. Grant,) while she made preparations for an unusually large supper party.

After the supper, to which the travellers did full justice, was over, the cloth removed, and candles placed ready for lighting, the party gathered round the fire to hear Paul's narrative.

"Do not light the candles yet, mother," said Paul, "the light of the fire is enough now, and Elsie used to like the dim, half light in a room that a fire gives."

"And I do still, Paul!" exclaimed Elsie, blushing at the recollections those words called up.

"Now then, Paul," cried Mr. Burghart, when he had filled his pipe and ignited it at the embers on the hearth, "now then, you may go on with your story."

CHAPTER IX.

PAUL'S STORY.

"I cannot describe the feelings that agitated me when I left New York," commenced Paul; "my brain was in a state of bewilderment, and I neither knew nor cared for aught that was going on around me. I have been told that the night was one of danger to all of us on board the Albatros, but I knew nothing of it. My only thought was the crime I had committed, for I then thought I had killed Philip Colden; and though I knew I was innocent at heart, yet the idea his words had given me, that he had been successful in winning your affections, made me apprehensive that you would look upon me as one who was so destitute of honor as to use any means to prevent a successful rival from enjoying the victory he had gained. I did not fear death. Could I have placed him in the position he occupied when he first accosted me, I would have gladly surrendered my existence to Him who gave it. But the fear that my memory would always be stained by the blot of dishonor in your mind, prevented my voluntary return. I knew that no efforts would be spared by Major Colden's friends to insure my capture, and I knew that my home would be the first place searched, for my contemplated return to it was well known.

"In this state of mind, I resolved to confide in my friend James Morgan, who commanded the Albatros. Accordingly, the next morning, when he came to call me to breakfast, I related the whole affair to him.

"It's a tight fix, anyhow, Paul!" said Morgan, after I had got through; and he pondered deeply a few minutes. 'You can't stay in Connecticut, that's sure, for Governor Colden 'll get a requisition from the Governor of Connecticut, and then you'll be as badly off as if you staid in New York.'

"'Well,' said I, 'where shall I stay?'

"'I'll tell you, Paul,' he exclaimed, suddenly. 'There's lots of our folks have gone to what they call the New Hampshire Grants, and though New York claims it as her property, she can't make the settlers submit to her, and that's just the place for you!'

"I objected to this that it seemed almost madness to venture into the very clutches of those I now considered my enemies.

"'It's just the place!' said Morgan. 'If they should think you was there, they couldn't get you! Why they've had a standing reward offered for a half-a-dozen of the leaders of the settlers this number of years, and they can't get them anyhow. You just go and get a place there, somewhere up in the mountains, and I'll risk you there forever.'

"After some reflection, I agreed to his plan, and he then offered to carry me round Cape Cod, up to Portsmouth harbor, before putting into New London; but to this I was opposed, for I wanted to see my mother before I left the civilized world for a fugitive's life. We ran in in the night, unknowing that I was in one of the townspeople in the place.

"When I disclosed my condition to my mother, and unfolded my plan, she surprised me by at once deciding to accompany me. In vain I urged a thousand objections to this resolve. She was fixed in the determination, and I at last reluctantly consented to it, although I prophesied that she could not support the hardships she would be obliged to undergo. Do you recollect, Herman, the conversation I had with you the night we parted, in relation to Philip Colden's dislike to me?"

"Perfectly," replied Herman, "it was because you had rescued a poor girl from his grasp!"

"Exactly; that girl was Agnes Barraud; I sent her to my mother as the only place I knew of free from his search. On the passage there, Morgan, with whom Agnes sailed, became acquainted with her, and had visited her constantly at my mother's, with her consent, as she knew him to be an honorable man. Their intimacy had ripened into love, and my mother told me that Morgan had consented to sell his sloop and purchase a farm with the proceeds, after a few more trips. We determined to leave our property in Morgan's possession, while we sought a new home in the wilderness. I unfolded this proposition to Morgan when he came to the house in the evening, and he consented to it, but when it was mentioned to Agnes, she expressed a wish to accompany us to our new home. It was finally decided that I should go on to the Grants and select a place, while my mother and friends remained behind to dispose of the property. In this they were unexpectedly successful, and giving out that she was about returning to England in a ship to sail from Boston, my mother placed some of her furniture on board the Albatros, and sailed for Portsmouth. On their arrival at that place, the Albatros attracted the attention of a shipowner, who offered Morgan such a good price for it that he at once disposed of it, and accompanied my mother and Agnes to the place I had obtained."

"That is the reason we never saw the Albatros again," said Elsie.

"Partly, but not the whole reason," said Paul. "She was lost the first trip she made to the West Indies."

"And have you never been disturbed here by Colden?" inquired Mrs. Burghart.

"No; the proclamations for my apprehension were posted in several towns, but never in this vicinity, and the active part I have taken in the struggles of the Green Mountain Boys, actuated by my belief that their cause was just, as much as by a thought for my own safety, has secured me so many friends that I am now in no fear of any officers ever undertaking to capture me."

"Have you ever seen Colden since that night, Paul?" asked Herman. "But, now I think, I know you could not."

"But I have," answered Paul; "and I do not much doubt he knows me."

He then gave a detailed account of the seizure of Morgan's house and the following incidents.

"And you think he knew that Agnes was an inmate of it?" asked Mrs. Grant.

"I know it, dear mother," replied Paul; "he said as much to her when they met!"

The report of a rifle, accompanied by the crash of glass, interrupted them. Paul sprung to the rifle that rested over the fire-place, and bounding to a loophole near the door, threw open the small, heavy shutter that closed it, and looked out. Two figures were peering cautiously round the side of a huge tree at some distance from the house. Hastily levelling his rifle, Paul fired. A loud, mocking laugh was the reply, and the two persons vanished from sight.

"Philip Colden, by all that's good!" exclaimed Herman, as the laugh fell upon his ears.

"Ay, Philip Colden it is," said a deep voice, coming up to the open doorway.

"Morgan, is this you?" exclaimed Paul, grasping his hand. "How is Agnes?"

An anguished pressure of his hand was the only answer.

"Dead!" cried Paul, comprehending at once the meaning of the silent gesture.

For a moment all remained silent. They felt the deep trouble that was stirring the waters of the bereaved man's soul, and they knew the mockery of words were nothing. Mrs. Barnett glided to his side and mingled her tears with his. Paul wrung the hand in his with energy. But at length they became more composed and the conversation was resumed.

"I see you have forgotten none of your accomplishments, Paul," said Herman, glancing round the room.

"No," answered Paul; "but for my music and drawing, I should have had many heavy hours on my hands."

"Will you not favor us with some music?" inquired Mrs. Burghart.

"With pleasure, my dear Madam," said he, as he went for his flageolet; "and Elsie will give us some of her old songs."

"I believe we are nearly all singers," said Herman. "Are we not, Paul?"

"Yes, my mother is an excellent alto; you and Morgan are good bassos; Elsie, I know, is a delicious soprano, and you all know my tenor, so the less I say about that the better," he replied, laughing.

"Have you not yet found a soprano to sing the matrimonial duett with you, Paul?" whispered Elsie, laughingly, yet with a mingled feeling of gravity.

"Yes," said Paul, with an expressive look, "I will show her to you soon. I have not forgotten your kind words of long ago."

A smile of sympathizing happiness illumined her face at these words, and the singing then commenced. The voices were indeed excellent, and blended in delicious harmony, and song succeeded song until the failing candles admonished them of the lateness of the hour.

CHAPTER X.

THE LOVER'S REVENGE.

When Philip Colden, led by Luna, escaped from the cabin in which he had been confined, his heart bounded with exultation. He now believed himself sure of his long-wished for revenge on Paul Barnett. He had never believed him to be dead, though his words to Mrs. Morgan had expressed that belief; and he now thought himself certain of gratifying his long-delayed thirst for vengeance; for to Paul's efforts did he attribute the unsuccessful issue of his suit for the hand of Elsie Burghart.

For some time the march continued in silence, Luna checking every attempt he made to speak by a warning motion of the hand; but when they began to ascend the mountain she exclaimed, in a low, musical voice:

"The trail can be followed now, but the game cannot be caught."

"Have we indeed got beyond the reach of pursuit?" inquired Philip, eagerly.

"No, but while they are searching for us in the mountains we shall have the lake," said she, as she pointed far off to the westward, where the faint gleam told of the deep waters of Champlain.

"But we are now travelling away from there!" he remarked, in some surprise.

"Yes, you must remain here for a few days. To go in that direction now would be to run into a trap," said she.

An expression of dissatisfaction crossed his face at this remark, that was not unobserved by his guide.

"Will it not be pleasant?" she inquired. "To Luna the sun will seem brighter when she is with him she loves!"

"Don't talk of love now!" he exclaimed. "I want to get farther from those rebellious hounds!"

"We are safe here," she returned, sadly, "and my heart is sad that your love has been turned away from poor Luna."

"I wouldn't fret about that, Luna," said he, heartlessly; "you can go into the lodge of your old lover, Neomana; he will be glad to receive you."

"And think you Luna will carry her white child to his lodge?" she inquired, with spirit, while a burning blush overspread her face and neck.

Philip Colden started at this avowal, and seemed embarrassed, but he answered:

"When he sees Luna coming loaded with fine blankets and many presents, he will think the child is red, and his ears will be stopped to the tale of the disappointed."

"Nay, Philip, you said I should become your wife, and that your friends should see me at your side. I can never enter any lodge but yours."

Philip made no reply, and the conversation ceased. For several days they wandered among the ravines and secluded glens of the mountains, subsisting on the snared birds and trout caught by the ingenuity of Luna. At night she prepared a shelter of boughs for him, and watched while he slept. By no word or sign did she again revert to the subject of his right-ful wrong he had committed, though her cheek grew paler and her step became heavy. On the afternoon succeeding the execution of the sentence on the Yorkers by the Green Mountain Boys, they were joined by a noble looking Indian, whom Colden at once recognized as Neomana. He greeted them gravely, and sat down, keeping his eyes on the ground.

"Can the white chief go in safety?" at length demanded Luna.

Neomana bowed his head in silence, and without lifting his eyes.

"Then we must now part," said Luna, turning to Philip. "Neomana will guide you to the lake, while Luna goes to the lodge of her father."

Philip Colden's conscience for once smote him as he heard the tones of her voice quivering with the mingled emotions of love, reproach, despair and shame. But his worldly pride repelled the thought of an Indian wife, and he answered:

"The softest blankets shall be seen in Luna's lodge; the richest ribbons shall decorate her head. She shall be the richest of the tribe!"

Luna shook her head at these heartless words, and addressing Neomana, said:

"Neomana knows how Luna has loved this man; he would return to his people, and Luna is too weary to show him the way. Will the 'Pride of the Mountains' guide him?"

"Neomana will not leave him while he lives," was the answer.

"It is well," said Luna, and waving her hand to Philip, she disappeared in the forest.

For a moment Philip gazed after her retreating form, and then obeying a sign from his guide, took the rifle the latter extended him and commenced his journey toward the lake. As the shades of evening drew around them the sound of neighing horses attracted his attention, and looking hastily through the trees, he discovered the cabin of Paul Barnett.

"Whose house is this?" he demanded of the Indian, who was passing on deliberately, leaving it to the left.

"It is where the young scout of the pale faces lives," was the reply.

"Brad. Grant?" exclaimed Philip.

The Indian nodded in reply, and Philip, hastily raising his rifle, fired full at the window, through which the form of Paul could be seen by the dim fire-light.

"Is the pale face a fool?" demanded the guide, with a strong expression of disapprobation, and seizing Philip by the arm, dragged him swiftly down the declivity into the deepest obscurity of the glen below. Here they paused for some time, listening for sounds of pursuit, but at length convinced that none had been made, resumed their journey. At midnight they stood upon the summit of a tall cliff that overlooked Lake Champlain. At its base the water rippled, fathoms deep, and not a bush interrupted the sheer descent of fifty feet. Here the Indian paused, and leaning on his rifle, gazed moodily over the scene.

For a few moments not a sound disturbed the silence of night, but then the long, dismal-sounding cry of a loon echoed over the still waters. A shudder passed over Philip Colden, and he felt, down, deep in the recesses of his guilty heart, a presentiment of some coming evil. As the sound died away among the hills, Neomana turned to his companion and exclaimed:

"White man, you came among our tribe as a friend. You brought gay trinkets and rich presents. We thought you a man with a single tongue. Our lodges were thrown open to you. Our young men brought the best game and laid it at your feet, and our young women placed their finest mats for your sleep. What have you done in return for all these things? I will tell you. Our chief had a daughter, fair as the day. A hundred youths sought to win her favor. One alone was successful. Neomana felt glad when she said to him, 'Luna will go to your lodge and be a mother to your little ones.' But you came, and her eyes were blinded to me, and her ears heard not my cries. Had you treated her love like a man, Neomana would have been silent. But now the squaws point at her, and the young men who sought in vain for her hand laugh, and say 'where is the Pride of the Mountains, that he takes not better care of his squaw?' White man, the time for your punishment has come!"

As these words fell from the Indian's lips in slow, mournful accents, Philip Colden looked wildly round. There was no chance for escape. In front the precipice descended, down into the cold waters of the lake. Behind rose a wall of stern granite. He dared not attempt to use his rifle, for it would avail him nought. Before he could poise it, his foe would be upon him.

"Neomana," he said, "the home of the white chief is full of rich presents. He can make his brother the envied of the tribe. When Neomana returns from New York, his back shall ache with the burden of fine things that shall be his."

"Is the white chief a woman, that he fears death?" interrupted the Indian, sternly. "He must die!"

"But did you not promise Luna to guide me as long as your life remained?" exclaimed Philip, earnestly.

"I did," answered Neomana, with bitter irony, "and I will! Our embrace shall be as that of brothers, and we will repose in each other's arms."

"What mean you?" demanded the alarmed man.

"See you that lake?" asked the stern Indian, pointing down to the blue waves.

"Yes," was the only reply.

"We shall sleep in its bosom!" responded the dark warrior.

"Not if the strength of my arms have not left me!" shouted the baffled villain, and he struck a full blow with the stock of his heavy rifle upon the skull of his guide. But, quick as he had been, the Indian had divined his intention, and even as he received the blow he sprang at the white man's throat, and twining his arms and legs round his writhing, trembling form, they fell, locked in the deadly embrace, down, down, into the quiet waters. A long, shrill cry of agonized fear burst from the lips of the lost man, and went out echoing over the lake, rousing the nocturnal birds, who raised their answering cries in startled unison. The moonlit waves closed over the two forms, and all was still again.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DENOUEMENT.

About a month after the event recorded in the last chapter, a large party was assembled at the home of Paul Barnett. The Burgharts and Stoddarts were there, and the Wallis family, with the exception of Amy, who was nowhere to be seen. Morgan, too, was there, caressing his laughing child, the stern sorrow softened into a pleasant gravity. Ewins, now fully recovered from the wound inflicted by Gil Hanx, stood by Morgan's side and chatted gaily with his child. Seated at the large table, exchanging a pleasant word, now with one, now with another, was a silver-haired, pale-faced man, often referred to by the little knots of conversationists as "the parson." Outside, busy groups were talking and laughing, while some led away and stabled the steeds of constantly-arriving parties. At length there came a lull in the conversation. No one had arrived for some minutes, and Morgan, coming to the door, beckoned in the outsiders, who eagerly crowded forward. The large room was filled to the utmost by the assembled friends, and when all had hushed in silent expectancy a door opened, and Paul Barnett, leading Amy Wallis, came in, followed by Esther and a young man, who seemed by his flushed countenance to feel the honor thus thrust upon him as very uncomfortable to wear, however much to be sought for. As they arranged themselves in a line before the aged minister, he folded his hands and bent his head in [illegible]. Then rising, he went through the marriage ceremony, and at its conclusion pronounced Paul Barnett and Amy Wallis man and wife!

A hearty cheer went up at this announcement, and one of the men who had sat on the Committee of Safety exclaimed:

"Paul Barnett or Brad. Grant, it's all one to me, but he's got the prettiest wife in the Grants, and I'd like to see the man that'll say he don't deserve her!"

Another cheer followed this speech, and all crowded to salute the young couple.

"Elsie," whispered Paul, "I have told Amy about my rejection five years ago, and she says she is glad of it!"

"What a fib!" exclaimed Amy, who had overheard the laughing remark.

"Here's one that I don't believe is half as glad!" answered Elsie, roguishly, as she pointed to Herman.

"I declare, it's more than half true!" retorted Herman.

The sound of a violin now attracted the attention of all to the green in front of the house, where the hilarious company were soon executing the most astonishing steps.

What more pleasant time to take leave of our various friends than when the two principal ones are so happily launched upon the sea of life? The lonely cabin of James Morgan was soon enlivened by the music of Elsie's pleasant voice, for [illegible] became its proprietor, and another had been built near by for Mr. and Mrs. Burghart.

Cale Gammons disappeared from the scene entirely, and was finally killed in the revolutionary war, where he happened to get on the wrong side.

That war, which placed our glorious country upon the place it now occupies, was also the means of putting an end to the disputes about the New Hampshire Grants, and no State is now more generally respected for all sterling virtues than Vermont.

THINGS REQUISITE.

Have a tear for the wretched—a smile for the glad;
For the worthy, applause—an excuse for the bad;
Some help for the needy—some pity for those
Who stray from the path where true happiness flows.

Have a laugh for the child in her play at thy feet;
Have respect for the aged, and pleasantly greet
The stranger that seeketh for shelter from thee
Have a covering to spare if he naked should be.

Have a hope in thy sorrow—a calm in thy joy;
Have a work that is worthy thy life to employ;
And, oh! above all things on this side the sod,
Have peace with thy conscience, and peace with thy God.

THE QUAKER'S LOVE.

BY MARY W. JANFRIN.

"I am sorry thou dost not love me, Martha." The speaker was a young man of pleasant, frank countenance, though now a shadow of disappointment lingered on his features, and he stood in the low, old-fashioned sitting-room of Elder Grant's house, one quiet October evening.

Reuben Kane's fair, open countenance did not belie his nature. Straightforward, manly, shrewd at a bargain with "the world's people," and, because of his superior business talents, promoted to head offices in the Society—kind-hearted, and though sober-minded, yet fond of a joke now and then—it was not strange that, with all these qualities, the young man should have come to be regarded as a pattern by the old people and an "eligible one," by many a fair Quaker maiden. And yet, though many a soft blue eye was guilty of the offence of looking out from under bonnets of drab on the Lord's day from the female side of the plain Quaker meeting house on the hill, and carnal meditations, I fear me, intruded on the long silence—though many a soft-spoken "thee" and "thou" fell on Reuben's ears, yet none had power to move his heart save the fair and brown-eyed Martha.

Perhaps Elder Grant, from his high seat where he sat regularly every Seventh day—now in silence, now uttering the inspirations which "the Spirit" prompted—had never lifted his eyes to note the young man's gaze, which turned oftener across the aisle to the row of occupied wooden seats, opposite, where the demure Martha sat; but when Reuben sought him one October day, and though very red in the face, and with an unwonted stammer in his speech, spoke of love as connected with his Martha, the old man placed his hand on his shoulder, and said, candidly:

"Go to the girl, Reuben, and tell thy story. There isn't a lad in the village I'd rather have for a son than thee."

And so Reuben went with the proffer of his strong, earnest heart to the girl, and met, not as he fondly believed and dreamed, a blushing, timid "Yes, Reuben," from her rose lips, but a firm, though kindly-worded refusal.

"Nay, Reuben, don't ask it! I wish thee had not come hither with thy offer of affection, when there are so many others more worthy of thee," and the young girl paused as if compassionating him.

"I am sorry thou dost not love me, Martha.'

It was all he said—it did not betray any outburst of feeling; but it was sad and touching in its very calmness, and the girl was affected by it and did not know what to reply.

There was a little pause there in the old sitting-room.

"Yea, I am very sorry, Martha," he repeated, at length. I did not think of any but *thee*—I did not know or care if they are worthier—I only loved *thee*, truly, Martha."

"I never dreamed it, Reuben. I wish thee had not told me of this," said the girl, covering her face with her hands and strangely moved.

"Perhaps it is because of my sudden speaking that thou art mistaken in thy feelings towards me, Martha," said the young man, kindly, hopefully, noticing her agitation. "Art thou *sure*, Martha, thou dost not care for me in the least?"

"Yea, quite sure," she said, hastily. "As a *friend*, Reuben, thou art cherished, and will be always; but don't ask more, I pray thee. Don't speak of this!"

"Nay, I will not, since it distresses thee. Forgive me, Martha. I would not wound thy feelings for the world. Let us forget this."

"Thou will marry some one else and be very happy, Reuben," said Martha.

"Nay, I shall never marry, Martha," replied the young man, sadly. "But let us speak no more of this. When we meet again it must be as friends, since thou hast forbidden a dearer, yea, a tenderer relation. God bless thee, Martha, and send thee one after thy own heart, to guide thy feet through life, though nobody can ever bear thee a *truer* heart than I have done. Thou will not refuse thy hand at parting, Martha?"

The girl laid the fair, plump hand, white as the snow-flake and unsoiled by toil, in the broad palm of the Quaker youth, and for a moment they stood eye to eye, face to face.

A sad look, a springing moisture was in the youth's large blue eyes, and the girl's gaze fell upon his. He did not leave a kiss upon the little, soft hand he held, as more gallant lovers do at parting, but he did press it long and earnestly, as though loth to resign it, then said, in a low voice:

"Good-night, Martha. God bless and keep thee!" then passed out.

And Martha Grant sat long after the young man had left her, with a troubled look creeping up to dim the brightness of her eyes, and her little hands folded in a quiet, dreamy sort of fashion, as if she were thinking deeply.

"O dear! why did he come here and tell me this?" she sighed heavily. "Or why couldn't it have been earlier, before *he* told me? but, hush! I mustn't speak of *that*!" and she glanced around the room with a frightened air, then whispered to herself, "I don't know but it's wrong to go on seeing him—it's deceiving my dear, good old father. I wish I hadn't let him put *this* on my finger!" and she lifted one little hand, on which gleamed a slender circlet of gold shining bright in the fire-glow, "I'll give it back, and tell him he must go away, or ask my father for me, and then I'll never marry anybody, but live and die here, taking care of my kind old father. Poor Reuben! I'm sorry he came here to-night—he looked so sad and sober like. Yes, I wish he hadn't told me!" and pretty Martha Grant looked soberly into the fire.

The winter had passed with its drifted snows and sharp airs, and the pleasant New England May had come.

Everything looked pleasant and cheerful as of old in the dwelling of Elder Grant—every Sunday, as had been his wont, he sat in his accustomed seat in the meeting-house on the hill, while Reuben Kane and Martha occupied respectively opposite seats across the aisle, but though the young man cherished still his quiet love, he had never spoken of it again, and Martha was not troubled by a repetition.

Martha was very happy. Day by day, going about her domestic duties, a troubled light crept into her eyes, and a nervous, restless feeling imbued her being. She grew thin also, and the face that looked out from her Sunday bonnet had lost something of its freshness.

"Perhaps she repents her dismissal of the lad Reuben," the Elder said, looking upon her. "It cannot be that she is pining for that city fop, who asked her of me last fall. Martha is too sensible a girl to think long of him. She was always an obedient child; and that was but a girl's fancy. I hope it may come round right with Reuben yet; he's a worthy lad, and Martha knows how much I set by him."

But the Elder's wish was not destined to be gratified. Though Martha, like a dutiful child, had refused to marry clandestinely young Philip Bentley, who, meeting the young Quaker maiden during a sojourn in that quiet village, and falling violently in love, had besought her to elope with him, then return for the forgiveness which he knew the old Elder would scarcely withhold, despite the rigid notions which caused him at once to peremptorily refuse the hand of one of the "world's people" [illegible] though Martha had steadily refused to do this, and after the [illegible] young man had withdrawn his anticipated refusal for his [illegible] sail of the Elder, in a fit of pique the [illegible] had upbraided her for a lack of love as well as courage, then going back to his city—yet all this sank deep in the young girl's heart; and although the subject was never mentioned between her and her father, still the Elder fondly imagined she had forgotten him and began to look favorably upon Reuben, still Martha pined and grew unhappy.

At length she fell really ill, and Sabbath after Sabbath her sweet face was not seen in the meeting-house on the hill.

"How is Martha?" asked Reuben, one Sunday, joining the Elder as he walked homewards.

"Well, I don't know, Reuben," replied the old man. "Somehow, the girl don't seem to get strength. Come in, lad, and sit awhile. Maybe thy cheering talk will brighten up Martha."

"Nay, Elder, I don't think Martha cares for my society. But, Elder, I heard something the other day—" and the young man's face grew suffused with color—"I know thee will not think me intrusive, Elder Grant."

"Nay, lad, out with it!" replied the Elder. "Is it anything concerning Martha?"

"Elder Grant, I heard the other day about that young man who asked Martha's hand of thee. He was in our neighborhood again; and he told Friend Parker that he had come once more to seek the hand of the prettiest maiden in Enfield. They say he is a wealthy young man, too. Did'st thou ever think, Elder, that Martha may have cared a good deal for him?"

"Nay, Reuben," and the Elder's words showed as much asperity as ever dared to intrude on the equable Quaker's speech. "What's got thee, lad? I thought thou wast once a suitor for Martha's hand thyself, and this is strange indeed, if thou hast taken up pleading the cause of another man, and he outside of the sect. It may be, after all, that Martha fancied the young fellow, for I confess he was a smooth-spoken, gentlemanly man; but I thought the girl would in time forget him, and I should yet call thee son-in-law, Reuben."

A sudden light flashed in the young Quaker's eye, and a deeper color came upon his cheek. If this might be so!—if Martha might yet be his!

But Reuben Kane was not selfish; and a moment's thought told him that, though Martha might bestow her hand on him at her father's command, such a union could never prove a happy one. He knew Martha's nature, and when this revelation of another's love, which he had just learned came to him, he knew the reason of her pale cheeks and dejected air. Then a noble resolve was born in the Quaker youth's heart. He would plead the stranger's cause with the stern Elder; Martha's happiness should be secured and he would find his in the consciousness of having performed the self-sacrificing act.

"Nay, Elder," he replied, "Martha does not love me in the least—of that I am well assured; and I would not, at the risk of wrecking her happiness, ask her again to become my wife, even if I knew she would answer 'yea.' Rather would I see her mated with this young man tarrying over yonder at the village, and for whom I have no doubt she is pining. May be thou hast been too strict, Elder."

"What, Reuben! Thou a Quaker lad, arguing with me to consent that Martha may marry one of the world's people?" exclaimed the Elder.

"He is worthy and comes of a good stock. The Bentleys are of a good old family, and, after all, Martha might be happier there in her city home than pining here. She could not control her love, I suppose, Elder," replied Reuben, calmly.

"Maybe—maybe, Reuben. And Martha has always been a good child—good as she is homely," and a dash of pride was infused into the Elder's tones; for despite his prejudices against the "world's people," he could not but feel a little flattered that his child's beauty should have attracted admiration of one whose cause Reuben now stood pleading.

"A good girl Martha has been, and perhaps she set more by the young fellow than I thought. At any rate, I want to secure her happiness, and, though I'd set my mind on having thee for a son-in-law, Reuben, yet if thou art set upon giving the girl up because thou art sure she does not or cannot love thee, I'll have a talk with her, and also inquire into the character of this city youth, who I suppose will be hanging round again. But walk in, lad; Martha is sitting by the window, and will be glad to see thee, I doubt not."

"Nay, not to-night, Elder," replied the young man, from the garden gate, where he had lingered to talk this matter over. "Thee had not better defer thy conversation, but get a little color into Martha's pale cheeks, if thou canst," and glancing towards the window where the pale girl sat, he bade her father good evening and turned away.

And Martha, looking after the plain, quiet Quaker youth, little thought what a self-sacrificing act he had performed, in thus resigning his deep, strong love to secure her happiness in another's; but when the Elder laid his hand on her head and said—

"Well, my girl, I have a half mind to send thee out among the world's people—even Reuben wants to get rid of thee, I believe, since he has been begging in thy favor," and then talked long with Martha about her city lover, who she confessed had improved the afternoon, while the Elder was in church, to pay her a stolen visit—then the girl knew to whose unselfish affection she owed the prospect of a happy future with her own beloved.

And when—as happened in the bright June time, much to the wonderment of all, and the censure of many a broad-brim in that Quaker Society, save Reuben Lane—the handsome Philip Bentley bore away to his splendid city home the fairest Quaker flower, Martha, placing her hand in the Quaker youth's to bid him good-bye, could scarce restrain the tears of gratitude which sprang into her blue eyes.

But the impatient young husband stood at the door of the elegant travelling carriage before the gate, and in another moment the girl was whirled away from the roof that might shelter her never again in girlhood, and the Elder stood gazing into the highway, where a cloud of white dust marked the path of the bridal party.

Then he turned with a heavy sigh to watch Reuben Kane walking slowly, thoughtfully homeward.

"The lad has done a self-sacrificing deed this day, for I am sure that he loves my girl still," mused the Elder, "but Reuben Kane is not the lad who would hesitate to do this in order to make Martha happy. I wish the girl had taken to him. But there! no use wishing now—I've given her to young Bentley, and it is plain he loves her enough to make her happy, though if anybody had come to me, and said, 'Friend Grant, thy daughter will marry one of the world's people,' I should have waxed wroth, and said, 'Thou art in error, friend. It cannot be!'" and the Elder walked soberly into his lone house.

Ten years have passed. There is change in the Quaker village. The old meeting-house on the hill presents the same Friendly appearance, it is true; but new Elders sit in the places where the old ones sat. Elder Grant's broad brim, covering silvery hairs, no longer greets the eye in the wonted seat on the wooden platform; his old farm-house has passed into other hands; the roses and vines that Martha Grant used to tend are now trained by stranger hands; and for these seven long years, since they laid her father away in the old burial-place, her feet have never crossed the threshold of that olden home.

Reuben Kane—an "Elder" now, and promoted to highest offices, both temporal and spiritual, in the gift of the Society—looks older and wears a graver face than when we saw him last; for the gravity is habitual now and seems deeply settled in his heart, too.

Since the day when Mrs. Philip Bentley came [illegible] her handsome, proud-looking husband, to look with sobs and tears upon the calm, white face of the Elder in his coffin, Reuben has not spoken with Martha; he had seen her once though, and that was in the city where she dwelt, and where the Quaker went on business connected with the Society, but she was in her sumptuous carriage, with its footman in livery, and he in his plain gray attire and broad-brimmed hat, and the distance was wide between them now.

Yet, as the elegant carriage was

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA.

Wednesday Morning, November 23, 1864.

SHERMAN'S PROGRESS.

General Sherman's intention, which has puzzled the public so much, is beginning to be developed as he pogresses. The latest accounts from him represent that one column of his army moved on the 9th instant towards Macon, and on the 14th instant was seventy miles in advance of the starting point, destroying everything behind him which could aid the rebel army in pursuit, or assist it in maintaining itself. Another column had taken the direction of Augusta. It set out on the 14th inst., five days later. Both these directions take his army along railroad routes which have been important aids to the rebels in the war they are making upon the Republic. These lines will probably be destroyed, and hence the rebel movements hereafter against Tennessee and Kentucky will be entirely crippled, for without railroad facilities it will be impossible for them to find transportation for their troops over so large an extent of country as that which lies between the seaboard and Chattanooga. Sherman is abundantly provided with transportation sufficient to last him his present campaign, but a rebe army would find it difficult at this day to move one-half his number of troops over the same country deprived of railroad communication. The effect of the destruction of these important railroad lines would be felt also severely at Richmond, for upon the interior communications depends Lee's ability to hold that city. Communication with the southwest must be maintained, or retreat nearer to his supplies must be the consequence. Another object attained will be the destruction of the various government establishments both at Macon and Augusta. At the latter place the great powder mill which supplies the rebels is located. All the foundries formerly located at Atlanta were removed to Augusta. Macon is also a depot for military stores and supplies. All these manufactories which support the army will be destroyed, and it will take a long time to replace them. This crippling process will injure the rebel armies quite as much as fighting them.

It is generally believed that the ultimate destination of Sherman will be Savannah. His course is undoubtedly toward the sea shore, but he purposely and effectually conceals his real destination, and the rebel authorities are therefore mystified about the matter. They have their theories, as the public here have, but they do not seem to have any certainty about it, and opinions differ as much as among ourselves. This will be all the more favorable to Sherman, for they will have less time when they do discover the real point he is striking at, to interfere with or defeat his purpose. The army Sherman has at his command is estimated at from fifty to sixty thousand men. This is larger than any force the rebels have or are able to concentrate at any one point south of Richmond. Hence the way will be open to him any direction he may choose to pursue. Hood and Beauregard have heard of the Union advance, and the movement towards the Mississippi by Beauregard, which has been interpreted into an assault on Memphis, is more likely to be a hasty march to reach the line of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, the only route open for him to interpose any portion of his army between Sherman and Savannah or Charleston, or whatever other point may be threatened. Hood will probably have to follow him, and by the same route, for a pursuit of Sherman would amount to nothing with an inferior army. It could only annoy his rear, and, with the extraordinarily large amount of cavalry which is attached to Sherman's army, even that annoyance could be greatly diminished. Hood's intended Tennessee campaign is evidently broken up. Thomas holds him in check in that direction. Our Washington correspondent expects that, by Wednesday next, we shall hear something of the success which has attended Sherman's movement.

GETTING INDIGNANT ABOUT IT.

It was expected the fiercest assailants of this country for the capture of the pirate Florida would be the secession sympathizing press of England. True to their instincts, they are now forgetting all their own previous history and denouncing the capture as an act of piracy. The London Herald says that "if the Washington Government does not release the Florida, all the maritime Powers will have the right to interfere in the matter." The "Washington Government," known here as the United States Government, will be guided by the law and the necessity of the case, and not by what the maritime Powers think about it. It can make very little difference to our Government whether the maritime Powers have the right to interfere or not, when the greatest of them (England) has repeatedly shown by its example that it does not care a fig for any maritime law when it stands in the way of any purpose England wishes to accomplish. With the examples before it of an English fleet assailing a Dutch fleet at Bergen, in a neutral harbor; three English frigates attacking an American frigate at Valparaiso, a neutral harbor, the British press would have been wise in being less insolent at the beginning of this discussion. It would have the less of its own indignation to swallow when it finds that the United States will regard this question only in its own relations to Brazil, which excludes the "maritime Powers" from any consideration in the matter.

The Journal la Bahia of October 6 has a long account of the capture of the Florida, but it is so full of mistakes and surmises as to be scarcely worth the copying. It mentions one fact, however, of some importance, and that is that our Consul, Mr. Wilson, had his office stoned by a mob after the capture of the pirate, and he himself was compelled to go on board a United States vessel to escape the wrath of the mob. As it is mentioned that our Consul had arrived at Fortress Monroe, this part of the story is likely to be true. The Journal says the populace was excited by the assurance of the Consul that no assault would be made upon the Florida. It intimates, by way of lessening the outrage upon the Consul, that Captain Morris, of the Florida, and the portion of the crew who were ashore when the capture occurred, headed the mob. If this account be correct there will be apologies to be made as well as to be received by Brazil. The Consul was there as the representative of the United States, and his privileges are inviolable until he abuses them himself. The acts of the captain of the Wachusett could not affect him. The responsibility for that act rested then with the United States Government. If the Brazilian authorities have permitted our Consul to be driven out of the city by a mob, a gross offence has been committed on their part, with less provocation as an apology for it.

THE TWO PRESIDENTS' ADDRESSES.

These two documents will reach Europe nearly at the same time, and the effects they will respectively produce are worthy of some consideration. Jefferson Davis has delivered his Message to the Rebel Congress, and President Lincoln has also delivered an Address upon his own re-election—short, but also containing matter that will surprise the monarchs of the Old World more, probably, than the longer and more labored document of Jefferson Davis.

The effort to appear satisfied with the position of the Confederacy exhibited by the rebel chief is something like the fortitude of the boy who having stolen a fox kept it concealed under his cloak without any signs of agony, although the animal was eating out his entrails. Sherman has penetrated the vitals of the Confederacy, established himself in Atlanta, the very centre of rebeldom, and yet Jefferson Davis is perfectly satisfied with the year's campaign and the maintenance of their independence. This is stoicism. Further than ever from recognition by any foreign powers, with Mobile Bay wrested from them, their vessels captured, it would be hard work to grin and bear it all and smile the while.

The last grand resource for raising an army is brought forward partly to conciliate foreign powers inimical to slavery, and partly for more substantial and necessary purposes. After wantonly murdering our colored soldiers, the rebels are about to arm their own slaves, to retain them as slaves till the end of the fighting, and then give them their freedom and fifty acres of land, they say.

There is one part of the bargain so crafty and so corrupt, that it is hardly possible European eyes will fail to see through it. These three hundred thousand negro soldiers have or will have wives and families, but as there is no provision for setting their wives free by the laws of the slave States, the children of these men would quietly return to a state of slavery, and the *system* never be interfered with, at least so they calculate secretly in their hearts. The gain to the cause of freedom will, however, be so certain and so immediate that, notwithstanding all the care of our enemies, it is an immense gain and a greater victory for freedom than any achieved by the sword. Those soldiers, however prudently managed, will be a source of weakness to the rebels. They will desert to us or liberate their wives and children and friends, and render slavery impossible, and thus remove the cause of the war and help to render our institutions homogeneous.

If, from this picture, we turn to the other side there can be no doubt that, for a nation like ours, convulsed with civil war, to be enabled throughout the North to take the vote of every citizen, and for the whole to pass off so peaceably, shows the strength and stability of our Government more clearly than any language of man. Never have there been fewer attempts of disturbance at the polls throughout the entire North, and the closeness of the vote in many places shows that the elections have not been of a deceptive kind. The people have expressed themselves freely, never more freely, or with closer watchfulness to guard against the success of frands than on the late occasion. The military forces were on hand sufficiently to prevent outbreaks or disturbance, but not in any case so as to prevent the most perfect freedom of the ballot-box—simply to ensure it. The order preserved has been far superior to that of ordinary elections in England. Both the political parties had their own inspectors, and nothing honest and peaceful was attempted to be interfered with. The soldiers have even been allowed to vote themselves, yet no disorder has grown out of it.

President Lincoln has well put all this before the world in his speech, and shown that for such an election to take place in the midst of a civil war is unprecedented, and proves at once the substantial loyalty of the North to government as such, and that at least our Government is not the imbecile and weak thing tending to anarchy which it has been represented.

RAILROAD LAW.

The late Nicholas Biddle, in a very able address delivered at an Agricultural Exhibition in Germantown, about twenty years ago, gave a new and important application to a principle of common law. Under the common law the proprietor of land is not bound to fence it to keep cattle from his premises. The owner of cattle is bound to keep his cattle from straying upon his neighbor's premises. This principle, sound in common law, is still more important as applied to the railroads of our country, as suggested by Mr. Biddle. It is not the duty of railroad companies to put up fences along their track to keep off stray cattle, but it is the business of the owner of the cattle, to keep his animals so confined that they commit no trespass upon the property of railroad companies, otherwise the owner will be responsible for the consequences. In purchasing the right of way through other's land, railroad companies also secure and are entitled to a safe use of it. This important principle of equity has not yet been adopted as law by all our State Legislatures, and hence suits are frequently brought against railroad companies for damages for cattle killed, and juries, generally the neighbors of the prosecutor, sympathize with his loss, and find a verdict against the companies. But a little consideration will show that not only a principle of justice is involved in a right interpretation of the common law in this matter, but that the safety of travel upon our railroads cannot otherwise be assured.

Any dishonest person, and there are such among farmers as well as town-folks, desirous of speculating upon a reputedly rich company, can easily turn out his worn-out cattle upon a railroad line to be slaughtered by a passing train, though at the hazard of the lives of all the passengers in the train. If the law makes the railroad company liable, the owner of the cattle gets his damages for an act which should consign him to the penitentiary or the gallows. The railroad company is also liable for injury to the passengers whom it is its interest to carry safely, and would do so, but for the trap laid by the owner of the cattle to defraud the company. Reverse this rule of law, and make the owner liable for all mischief done by railroads running over his stray animals, and what would be the result? In the first place, there would at once be removed all temptation to speculate upon railroad companies. Cattle ready to die of themselves would not be placed upon railroads to be killed. The public then would be relieved of this great risk in travelling. In the next place, good cattle, of value to the owner, would be secured so that it could not stray in the way of danger. Consequently railroad casualties from running over cattle at any time would be a rare occurrence, instead of the frequent cause of accident that it now is. It is undoubtedly the business of law-makers to give the public every protection they can, and where every person travels, as in this country, they can only apply a better remedy to the many railroad casualties which occur from stray animals upon the track, than to make the owners liable not only to railroad companies for the damage done to their property, but also liable to the passengers for damages to their person and property.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

General Sherman's orders to his army are for a sixty days' campaign, and that is all that he lets any one outside of his own immediate military council know of his intended movements. He has intimated elsewhere that he will probably have to carry himself the Sanitary Commission's supplies to the twenty or thirty thousand Union prisoners at Andersonville, but nothing further, publicly, does he give of his designs. The rebel authorities at Richmond have an inkling of the fact, from observing the movements of his army, but they appear to be in as much doubt as any one in which direction lies the real object of Sherman. "Georgia and South Carolina are at my mercy, and I will strike," is the laconic and emphatic words of the General, as he bids adieu to Atlanta. Before him lies a vast country full of supplies and undefended by a single armed force, except the Georgia militia. To the East is Augusta, 171 miles, to which the rebel works from Atlanta have been removed, and further forward is Charleston, 137 miles, the course to which lies along the main lines of rebel railroad communication, which, if destroyed, cripples them [illegible] to the southeast lies Andersonville, whence the movement might be direct upon Savannah, or southwest to Mobile, the distance to both these points from Atlanta being nearly the same. Another report makes him on his way to Lynchburg, and still another that he is going to Wilmington. All these various reports show that he keeps his secrets well, and that the only accurate information of his real object will be received when he is near its destination, the rebels necessarily being the first to know it. The only thing known certainly is that he is on his way, and Hood's army is several hundred miles behind him, hesitating yet what to do. Nothing can impede Sherman's course over the country he is passing but foul weather, and this is just the season for rains, which may delay his march beyond the time for which he has supplied himself. Any route he may take lies directly to the door of towns from which the rebel armies receive their supplies, and where most of the work for them is performed, so that it cannot but be disastrous to the rebel cause, independent of its ultimate destination.

TERMINATION OF A GREAT STRIKE.

The English news mentions that the great strike of the colliers in South Staffordshire has terminated in the submission of the workmen to the employers' terms. This was the greatest strike of laborers that probably has ever taken place. It commenced in August last, and before it concluded eighteen thousand laborers were standing idle, and their families, embracing between sixty and seventy thousand persons, were left without support. A reduction of about five dollars upon the market price of a ton of iron reduced correspondingly the cost of material which enters into its manufacture. This lowered the wages of the colliers sixpence per day for one set of laborers and threepence for another, reducing their pay to four shillings sixpence and three shillings threepence per day. The colliers insisted that the whole burden should fall upon the iron workers and not upon them, though the relations of labor are so intimately connected that what affects one touches the other generally in an equal degree. The employers, or "masters" as they are termed in England, showed that they could be undersold in their own markets unless the cost of material was reduced, and their only alternative was either to contract expenses or close up their business and withdraw their capital to other branches of labor. They adopted the first expedient, and as the colliers would not furnish coal to them at the reduced wages, the iron masters closed their places of business, the customers went to other markets, and the whole district of Staffordshire has suffered accordingly. In the meantime invention has been set to work to furnish coal-cutting machines to supercede manual labor, and with every prospect of finding a useful substitute which will cheapen coal to the poor as well as to the iron manufacturer.

COMING TO A CORRECT CONCLUSION.—In an article on the capture of the Florida, the London Morning Star says:

"If the facts are as stated, a great breach of international law has been committed; but the question is entirely one between Brazil and the United States now, and between Brazil and the Confederate States hereafter, should they ever establish their independence. It is not a question which England can touch, even with the longest possible diplomatic pole."

That's so; but it is just because one of the questions that England has no business with, which will induce the journals of that country sympathiring with secession, to make the most fuss about it. Their talk is, however, of no consequence, and we need not distress ourselves about their opinion of our national conduct. When they have nothing else to talk about, they can discuss the character of the international obligations, which permitted not only the Florida to leave a neutral port to war upon our commerce, but a repetition of the offence at such occurrences as the following:

DELIVERING COAL IN BAGS.—In England, where coal is the principal fuel used, the article is delivered to consumers in sacks. This mode of delivery is much more economical and convenient than that of loading carts with coal and dumping it in the street near the door of the purchaser, to be afterwards put in baskets and carried to the bins into which it is to be emptied. It saves labor and time, avoids waste and dirt, prevents obstruction of the public highways, and enables the consumer to feel assured that he gets, by actual measurement, the amount of coal he actually pays for. The advantage of this method of delivering coal is now being discussed in Boston.

WHY NOT?—The question arises, why cannot we have peace, since the rebels are willing to abolish slavery and carry on the war? With slavery goes their dream of a great, independent slave empire. With that institution gone, they would scarcely want to be separated. Why should not the President make a peace offering to them, and then, if they do not accept, pursue sharp and vigorous war, such as General Butler proposes, against them?

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

The underground Railroad System in London is objected to since it has gone in operation, in consequence of the tunnel being so filled with gas that the passengers can scarcely breathe at times. This is an objection, however, which would seem capable of being remedied. By means of pipes, extending from the tunnel up into the open air, above the houses, a sufficient degree of ventilation could be procured, The difficulty which has been experienced from having fire in the tunnel is likely to lead to the use of compressed air as a motive power, which would obviate the above objection and give a pure atmosphere. Mr. John Braithwaite, an engineer, suggests this last mentioned mode of propelling engines. Others suggest hot water, heated to 400 degrees, which would give steam enough to work a short trip. And another proposition is to use a reservoir of hot water, and a reservoir of compressed air—the steam to be exhausted into a surface condenser outside the tubes, and the air from the reservoir to pass through the tubes on the way to the engine. The steam would be condensed, and the air heated; and thus the freezing which air produces in expanding, and the nuisance of steam would be avoided. One engine would be worked by steam and the other by air until the water had become too much exhausted of heat; then both engines would be worked by air, and the steam would pass directly from the water into the condenser; and finally the water itself would pass through it, and the engine would arrive with cold water and an exhausted air-chamber. The question of underground railroads, to avoid the difficulties and dangers of a surface passage through cities, is giving increased importance to the subject of compressed air as a substitute for steam, where the latter is impractible or dangerous, and it seems likely to be satisfactorily tested in London, where the amount of capital expended in underground railroads is too large to permit their abandonment. Every mechanical expedient will be tried, and she attention of the civil engineers seems to be turned in the right direction for success.

CARRYING DEADLY WEAPONS.

Some years ago our State Legislature made it a crime to carry concealed deadly weapons. The practice is as cowardly as it is brutal, and is productive of deadly affrays in which the insolent instigator of the disturbance being armed has all the advantage of the person he provokes by his brutal bearing. The frequent shooting of persons to death in ordinary tavern broils, demands that this law shall be rigidly enforced. There is scarcely a soldier drummed out of camp, or bounty jumping swindler, who does not carry upon his person a loaded revolver, and in any drunken affray out comes the weapon and an individual life is destroyed. The war has undoubtedly lessened the sacredness with which life has been regarded and protected; and individuals brutalized by indulgence in all the vices of a camp life, think as little of using a pistol in a quarrel, as if they were on the field of strife, facing the enemies of the country. Soldiers in the service go openly armed about the streets, where there is no necessity of carrying weapons, and this example extends itself till every rowdy thinks it necessary to his own safety to be armed, and every unreflecting youth supposes it to be manly to have similar weapons at his command. In this way all the licentious and violent portion of the population become doubly dangerous to peace and order, for in addition to the stimulant of their own bad passions prompting them to quarrel, they have the almost certain security of exemption from danger, which the possession of deadly instruments affords. In a city like this there is no necessity for carrying deadly weapons, and the possession of them in the ordinary walks of life, whether openly or secret, ought to be taken as a proof of malicious intention, and be punished accordingly. Banish the open display of them when not required by actual service, and secret arming would soon fall into disuse.

SUIT AGAINST A MAJOR GENERAL.

The will of Col. A. J. Butler, brother of Major General B. F. Butler, was admitted to probate in the Surrogate's Court, in New York City, on Monday. The estimated value of the property bequeathed is $200,000. The testator gives to General Butler one half of all his property east of the Rocky Mountains," and to his son he wills one fourth of his entire estate, in trust in the hands of the General, until his son shall reach the age of thirty years. A the residue of his estate is left to his wife. On the same day, Monday last, Samuel and Andrew W. Smith, plaintiffs in a suit against Benjamin F. Butler, applied to Judge Cardozo, of the Common Pleas, for an attachment against the General, on the ground that he was a non-resident debtor. The order was granted and placed in the hands of the sheriff, who attached the General's private bank account and the balance of his salary due from the Government. An attempt was also made to attach the Generals's share of his late brother's estate, but the Surrogate declined to admit service of or to recognize the order, on the ground that he was a [illegible] in the suit against Genenral Benjamin F. Butler, allege,

That they were, in the year 1862, bankers doing business in the city of New Orleans; that on the 10th of May in that year, Major Gen. Butler, then commanding the United States forces in New Orleans, forcibly entered their place of business, No. 27 Camp street, in that city, and removed all the property of the plaintiffs, including $60,000 in gold. Subsequently it was all returned to them, with the exception of the gold, which, plaintiffs allege, defendant converted to his own use. They claim damages in the sum of $150,000.

THE LABOR QUESTION IN MARYLAND.

The farmers of Prince George county, Md., since the abolition of slavery by the Constitution of the State, have united to recommend to the employers of labor, in the county, that they should not hire colored farm-laborers for a less term than by the year; that they should not offer inducements to colored people to leave their places where they are now employed; and that they should pay a certain rate of wages, namely: one hundred and twenty dollars per annum and board for able-bodied men, and sixty dollars for women and boys under 18 years of age. There is not a very great difference in these terms between what is paid to the colored freedmen and white farm laborers. Fourteen and sixteen dollars a month is the average which has been paid for white farm hands. The policy of hiring the freedmen for a year will probably be considered a restriction upon them; but it is suggested that, by establishing schools for their children in the neighborhood where the freedmen are employed, will tend materially to attach them to their places. The difficulty in retaining the freedman long in service will be the total absence of ownership of any kind of property, for him to care about, or of capital to employ in procuring himself a fixed home. All the gains of his previous labor are in the hands of his former master, and he begins the world entirely destitute, having to earn before he can fix his home. It will be hard to restrain vagrant habits under these circumstances; but the difficulty is one to be met and to be overcome as better experience will suggest.

A PIRATICAL SCHEME FRUSTRATED.—A nice little scheme was recently hatched at Havana, by rebel residents, to capture one of the Pacific steamers, and then to commence a raid upon our commerce in that quarter. The scheme has the endorsement of Secretary Mallory, of the rebel Navy, and was to be entrusted to T. A. Hood, holding a commission in the rebel navy. A party of from sixteen to twenty men left Havana, for Panama, New Grenada, the last of September, or early in October, for the purpose of getting on board the Panama R. R. Co.'s fine steamer Guatemala, and capturing her. The parties known to be implicated were all at Aspinwall, as late as the 4th of this month, and were known to the United States Consul, to the Commanders of the Panama Railroad Company's steamers, and to the United States Naval Commander in the port of Panama. The pirates arrived too late for the Guatemala, which sailed on the 25th of October. The next Panama Railroad steamer for Central American ports was the Salvador, to sail on the 10th inst., and it was understood at Panama that the piratical party were to take passage in her. Preparations had been made for their arrest.

A GREAT RAILROAD UNDERTAKING.—The work of tunnelling the Alps for railroad purposes is so slow, compared with the necessities of internal trade and travel between France and Italy, that it is contemplated to build a railroad over the mountains on one of the military roads constructed by the first Napoleon. The tunnel will not be completed in less than twelve years, but the railroad can be built in two. When it is remembered that the summit of the pass through the mountains is seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, with gradients at some points of one in twelve, the descent equally rapid, the difficulties of the undertaking may be imagined. A locomotive expressly for such ascents and descents has been constructed. The railway will be covered with galleries of wood, iron and stone to protect it from avalanches and snow drifts. The project has been favorably received by the Italian Government, and English capitalists propose to build it. It will shorten the overland route to India five hundred miles.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.—The Schleswig-Holstein question, after a short but decisive war between Denmark and Germany, has been settled by Denmark ceding the three duchies of Schleswig, Holstein and Lauenberg to the victors, and pays to the duchies a fixed sum (about eight and a half millions of rigsdalars), for their claims to the common property of the former Danish monarchy. Schleswig and Holstein will be held by the Prussians and Austrians until the German Diet shall have decided the rival claims of the Prince of Augustenburg and the Grand Duke of Oldenburg to succession in the two duchies, and Demark will also pay for the shipping captured and destroyed by her fleet. The big powers have nearly squelched the little one.

IMPOSING CEREMONIES.

Solemn Blessing of the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul.

On last Sunday morning, the most solemn and imposing ceremony ever witnessed in Philadelphia was witnessed at the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the occasion of the blessing of the Cathedral. The edifice was worthy of the ceremonial. It is, without exception, the largest and most imposing church structure on this continent, and it will stand for ages as a monument to the liberality of the Catholics of this diocese O A description by metes and bounds gives but a faint idea of the immensity of the building, and the proportions have been so well observed by the architect, that it is difficult for the spctator to realize the fact that he is standing within an area of 136 feet wide, 210 feet long, and 161 feet 6 inches high to the apex of the pediment. Dome, nave, transept and aisles are so admirably constructed and so harmonious in detail, that one is lost in admiration of the architect's skill and the artist's inspiration in the form and decoration of the various portions of the structure. The exterior diameter of the dome at its base is 71 feet, its total height over 210 feet. The interior of the building is cruciform, and designed in the most elaborate Roman Corinthian style. The nave and transepts are each 50 feet wide, and respectively 192 feet and 128 feet long; the vaulted ceiling is 80 feet high. The domed aisles are 22 feet wide and 47 feet high. The sanctuary, or chancel, is 50 feet wide and 46 feet deep. The chapels on each side are 22 feet wide and 39 feet long. The interior of the main dome is 51 feet in diameter, and its height 156 feet above the pavement.

Unlike most buildings in this country, there are no side windows, and all the light is introduced from above, which, taken in conjunction with the prevailing color of the whole interior, (made to resemble Paris stone) heightens the architectural effect, and imparts the solemn and religious tone appropriate to such an edifice. A marble floor is laid in keeping with the rest of the building, and the sanctuary east of the dome and transept is provided with fine Italian marble steps, at the top of which is placed the altar. Back of the altar, and in the large panel, is a magnificent fresco painting of the Crucifixion. To the north and south, the panels of the same size are filled with paintings in fresco, representing the Adoration and the Nativity. All these pictures, together with the smaller ones in the dome, are from the pencil of Constantine Brumadi, who has produced specimens of frescoes, the like of which have never before been witnessed in Philadelphia. Notwithstanding the absence of windows at the side, there is sufficient light in the building, and in order to add effect to the decorations, and at night the building will be lighted with gas, the fixtures furnished by Cornelius & Baker being in keeping with the design of the architect This hasty sketch of the Cathedral will readily suggest why the ceremony of blessing was looked forward to with so much interest by the members of the Catholic Church. Eighteen years of constant contributions and anxious care and attention, has made them desire to witness the completion of the labor, and yesterday was the fulfillment of all their long cherished hopes and expectations. It was natural that, as the most magnificent church structure in America, it should interest the clergy and laity of the whole country, and that the ceremony of blessing it should draw together the greatest crowd of church dignitaries ever before convened in Philadelphia, and probably in the United States.

Among the laity the interest was equally as great. At an early hour the streets leading to the Cathedral were crowded with people either wending their way to the interior or anxious to be spectators of the pageant on the outside. Curiosity also drew a large number of Protestants, and between the two religious bodies, the concourse of people swelled to an immense size by 11 o'clock. The good management in regard to the tickets of admission prevented anything like confusion inside, and the police on the outside maintained the most perfect order, notwithstanding the crushing process to which many were forced to subject themselves in their anxiety to witness the procession as it made the circuit of the Cathedral. The holders of the $3 and $2 tickets were admitted to the building before 10 o'clock, and as there were several entrances this was managed with ease. The holders of the $1 tickets, twenty-five hundred in number, were admitted to Logan Square, where they were retained until after the procession had passed into the church. A drizzling rain was falling after 9 o'clock, but the crowd was no wise daunted by the rain, and those composing it manfully withstood the weather until the ceremonies on the outside were over. When the procession came from the Cathedral the most respectful behavior was observed by all, and nothing occurred to interrupt in the slightest the ceremonies. Within the building the people were not accommodated with a sight of the religious ceremonies connected with the blessing of the exterior walls, and for over an hour they had full opportunity to examine in detail the magnificent proportions and decorations of the building. Over two thousand persons were accommodated with seats, while the aisles on either side of the grand nave were set apart for the accommodation of holders of one dollar tickets. These were admitted after the procession, and were compelled to stand during the ceremonies. The capacity of the building was fully tested, and it was apparent yesterday that at least two thousand more persons could have been admitted without causing inconvenience to any of those inside.

The religious services were very imposing. Nearly every diocese was represented. The Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul appears to have achieved a national reputation, and the clergy of every diocese were anxious to assist in consecrating it. The worship of God [illegible] archbishops and twelve bishops were present, together with the crowd of priests. The archbishops were Spalding of Baltimore, McCloskey of New York, and Purcell of Cincinnati. The bishops were as follows: Rt. Rev. Dr. J. Sweeny, St. Johns, N. B.; Rt. Rev. Dr. Pinsoneault, Toronto, Canada; Rt. Rev. Dr. Farrell, Hamilton, Canada; Rt. Rev. Dr. Simon, Buffalo; Rt. Rev. Dr. De Goesbriand, Burlington, Vt.; Rt. Rev. Dr. Domenec, Pittsburg; Rt. Rev. Dr. Laughlin, Brooklyn; Rt. Rev. Dr. Bailey, Newark, N. J.; Rt. Rev. Dr. Luers, Fort Wayne, Indiana; Rt. Rev. Dr. McFarland, Providence, Rhode Island, and Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston. Mitred abbots, venerable priests and clergymen of this and other dioceses, made up the large concourse. Among the strangers were Revs. B. J. McQuade, N. J.; J. A. Walter, Washington: P. Ouddibey, Mass.; Thos. Tracy, Clearfield; Thomas Flynn, Columbia, S. C.; J. B. Catlani, S. J., Pa.; B. Gleason, Brooklyn; J. J. Williams, Boston; J. McKay, Orange, N. J.; Dr. Worrell, N. Y.; Dr. Cassowah, Quebec.

The clergymen of this diocese assembled in the Episcopal residence and chapel, where the procession was formed in the following order:

1. The Second Master of Ceremonies, F. B. O'Niel, with thurifer (incense).
2. Brothers of Christian Schools and Brothers of the Holy Cross.
3. Ecclesiastical Students of the Preparatory and Theological Seminaries.
4. Reverend Clergy of the Diocese, in cassock and surplice.
5. Reverend Clergy of the Diocese, in cassock and surplice.
6. Very Reverend and Reverend Clergy of the Diocese, in chasuble, without stole or maniple.
7. Very Reverend and Reverend Clergy of the other Dioceses, in chasuble, without stole or maniple.
8. Very Reverend and Reverend Clergy of the Diocese, in copes with amict over the surplice.
9. Very Reverend and Reverend Clergy of other Dioceses, in copes, with amict over the surplice.
10. Mitred Abbots.
11. Rt. Rev. Bishops, in copes and mitre, attended by Chaplains and mitre bearers.
12. Rt. Rev. James F. Wood, D.D., Celebrant, in cope and mitre, attended by Assistant Priests, Deacons of Honor, Deacon and sub-Deacons, and other Ministers.
13. Most Rev. Archbishops from other Provinces, in cope and mitre, attended by chaplains and mitre bearers.
14. Most Rev. Archbishop of the Province, preceded by his Cross, and attended by the usual Ministers.

In this order the procession left the chapel a few minutes before 11 o'clock and passing up Summer street, entered Logan square, where after passing along towsrd the south it came to the front of the Cathedral, and at the main door Bishop Wood commenced the ceremony of blessing, which consisted of singing psalms and chaunting the litany. After making the circuit of the building, the procession again reached the main door and entered the building, advancing to the sanctuary, where all except Bishop Wood, the celebrant, and his assistants took their places within the railing. Immediately after this the holders of $1 tickets were admitted and in a few minutes the interior of the Cathedral presented a grand appearance.

Towards the altar and beneath the transept every available inch of room was occupied, and the immense crowd collected within the building, together with the rich dresses of the clergy and the artistic grouping of the ecclesiastics around the altar, made up a scene long to be remembered. Archbishops, bishops, mitred abbots and clergy, acolytes, nuns and sisters of charity, gathered towards the sanctuary. The rich vestments of some contrasted with the simple habit of others heightened the general effect; the solemn and measured chant of the litany, and the quiet of the audience, disturbed only by the rustling of a dress, all tended to inspire awe and add to the solemnity of the occasion. After the procession had passed within the sanctuary, where Archbishop Spalding took his seat to the left, Bishop Wood continued the ceremony of Blessing, passing around the interior walls, sprinkling them with holy water.

At the conclusion of this, the Pontifical Mass was celebrated, with Bishop Wood as the Celebrant, assisted by the Very Rev. Dr. O'Hara, V. G., assistant Priest; Revs. James O'Reilly and John Elcock Deacons of Honor; Very James O'Connor, Deacon of the Mass; Rev. J. F. Shanahan, Sub-Deacon, and Rev. A. J. McConomy, Master of Ceremonies.

The sermon was preached by Archbishop Spalding, who took for his text, 5th chapter of Ephesians, 25th to 28th verses, from which he urged that the Church was the Bride of Christ, and subject to Him. Passing on, he referred to the different stations in life, erected by the Church as resting places for weary pilgrims, and concluded by extolling the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul as one of the finest edifices for church purposes he had ever seen outside of Rome. "This church," he said, "is not only an ornament to this beautiful city of Philadelphia the second in this country, but is also a credit to all those who were engaged in its construction. Every man, every woman and child who paid a dollar for this church, has to that extent erected a monument to his or her memory for future ages. Of its order and architecture, at least, it stands peerless in this country. It is modelled, I have been told, after the Church of San Carlo Boromeo, in Rome, and although of the same size it is more beautiful." Referring to the churches in Rome, the Archbishop said: "I have made a rough calculation of the relative dimensions of the church, which is among, if not the largest in the United States, and I find that this Cathedral could be placed inside of St. Peter's about fifteen times! Put it in one corner you would hardly notice it. So, while we are doing wonders, we must not suppose that we have engrossed all that is great and grand in the word."

The Archbishop paid a touching tribute to Bishop Kenrick, who commenced the Cathedral; Bishop Neuman who continued the work, and to Bishop Wood, who completed it. He referred to the fact, that in the parish contributing to the church, the people did not consider the nationality of the Bishop, but looked up to the church. A man born in Ireland began the work; a man born in Bohemia continued it, and now a man born in America has finished the work.

At the celebration of the Mass, Haydn's Mass in D (entire) was given with the Offertorium—*Alma Virgo*, from Hummel.

The capacity of the Cathedral requires a very powerful choir. That of yesterday was weak in the female voices, and was entirely too small altogether. The instrumental music was very fine, but the solos by the members of the choir failed to fill the building, and to that extent disappointed those who came expecting a rich musical treat. At the conclusion of mass, the crowd dispersed in order and without confusion.

FROM WASHINGTON.

As a general thing you may set down the rumored cabinet changes as idle gossip, though before long it is not unlikely but what a new hand may have charge of the portfolio of the War Department and also of that of the Treasury. In the latter there will certainly be a change, and should Mr. Stanton go on the Supreme Bench, it is not unlikely but what Gen. Butler will succeed him. At the present time, however, nothing, whatever, has been fully decided upon.

As matters look now, the Chief Justiceship lies between Messrs. Chase and Stanton, the former perhaps being urged with the greatest persistance for the post.

Reports are current again to-day that we may look for the prospectus of a new (currency) loan about the latter end of the ensuing week. The amount to be called for is not even hinted at, but that the extremes ranging from one hundred to two hundred millions.

The news from the Valley is very conflicting, but the belief at the War Department here is that Early is falling back to the cover of Lynchburg. There is an impression, at the same time, that this movement was only a point feigned for the purpose of deceiving our forces and preparing the way for a repetition of the Cedar Creek surprise upon Winchester.

English advices announce that the recent bazaar, held in London, in behalf of the relief of the rebel prisoners in our hands, realized the large sum of nearly a quarter of a million of dollars in American currency. The result was wholly unlooked for, and the committee were about to appoint a proper commission to proceed to this country and make a suitable distribution of the funds. It may not be generally known to your readers that the authorities at this point have allowed the friends of rebel prisoners the privilege of sending them such supplies from abroad as would be deemed admissable.

There is now a whisper here that the Florida will be given up promptly in the event of a demand being made for her by the Brazilian authorities.

Private despatches from the South west report that a large number of steamers had been taken up by the Government for the transportation of troops, the destination of which would be contraband. The same despatches mention a rumor that General Reynolds had been killed by guerillas, but the rumor is known here to be unfounded.

The latest news from General Canby, as contained in private letters, represent his wound as not dangerous, and probably in a month he will be on duty again.

Seven bounty jumpers, who deserted and went over to the enemy, but who were re-captured in Kentucky, were to-day sent in irons to General Patrick, at City Point, to await a trial by court martial.

INSTRUCTIONS TO REVENUE AGENTS.

The instructions to the general agents of the Treasury Department for the purchase of cotton and supplies from the rebel States, are undergoing revision, in order to greater efficiency.

THE REPORTED CABINET CHANGES.

After careful inquiry, I am satisfied that there is nothing whatever to sustain the repeated rumors and assertions of cabinet changes, but the indications are directly to the contrary. This statement, however, excludes Secretary Fessenden, who, it is known, has formally accepted the position of head of the Treasury Department for the Congressional recess. Reports continue to prevail that the Hon. Robert J. Walker will be his successor.

THE RAILROAD GUARDS.

The citizens of Alexandria and the vicinity of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, recently arrested and placed on the trains as a protection against attacks from guerrillas, have been released, and details from guerrilla prisoners confined in Alexandria will be sent out in future for the same purpose.

A rumor is current that the whole of Hood's army was at Corinth last week, *en route* for Meridian and Selma, Ala. If this be true, the rebels must have been fully cognizant of the disappearance of Sherman from Gaylesville and Marietta, and shaped their course in accordance with the eventualities that might probably arise. The inference that they were bound for Selma would lead to the impression that they divined the march southward of General Sherman, and that they were alive to the importance of checkmating him as speedily as possible.

In this manœuvre, Hood will have the telegraph to assist him, as communication is open from Corinth, through Alabama and Georgia, and he can thus be apprised of the movements of Sherman almost as soon as they are made.

The wounding of Gen. Canby, by a guerrilla shot, is much regretted here, as he had shown marked abilities in his new position as military commander of the Gulf Department. It is hoped that his wounds will not prove so serious as the despatches have reported.

It is a somewhat noteworthy fact that the furloughs of Grant and Lee's soldiers expired at about the same time, and that both armies are now being replenished by the return of absent troops. Rumor points to another movement of our Virginia forces before the end of the present month.

An important forgery has just been discovered and the alleged perpetrators arrested. It appears that a few days since a boy presented a check for $25,000 at the Bank of Commerce, purporting to be signed by D. Lathrop, of the firm of Lathrop, Ludington & Co. The money was paid, but the signature, soon afterwards, discovered to be a forgery. Detectives were entrusted with the matter, and to-day four individuals—Walter Patterson, Spencer Pettus, Michael O'Brien and Ira Gardiner—were arrested, charged with being concerned in the forgery.

The Cunard steamer Persia sailed for Liverpool to-day, with 90 passengers, among whom are the following Philadelphians: Mr. and Mrs Clark, Mrs. Wescott, Miss Wescott, James Creighton, Edward L. Pechin, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Wood and family, J. S. Fenton and H. L. Sherrill. Lord Mahon is also on board.

THE NEW FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

The plates of the new fifty cent fractional currency are nearly ready for printing. The notes will be of the same depth as those now in circulation, and nearly twice as long. The new five cent notes will be of the same size as the old ones, while the tens and twenty-fives will

ARMY AND NAVY.

ARRIVAL OF THE DONEGAL.—The U. S. supply steamer Donegal, Lieut. W. H. West, commanding, arrived off the Navy Yard last evening, from Charleston, which she left on Thursday afternoon last. The vessel encountered severe weather from the time she passed Cape Hatteras, until she reached the Capes of the Delaware.+ She does not bring any news of either army or navy operations. While she remained off Charleston, the exchange of prisoners was going on under Lieut. Col. Mulford, and a fleet of steamers was there to bring home the released Union prisoners. In consequence of the general conscription now going on in the South, a large number of refugees had come into our lines, many of them natives of Northern States, who had gone South to engage in business. Among these are railroad engineers and employees in the Southern branch of Adams' Express Company.

A report was current in the fleet off Charleston that the privateer Tallahassee had been destroyed, the news having been received from rebel sources. Lieut. West is the bearer of a handsome subscription made by the sailors of the U. S. steamer Pontiac to the wife of one of their comrades who was killed recently by a shot from one of the forts in Charleston harbor. The Pontiac had chased in a blockade runner, and the guns of the fort opened on her. A rifle shot took effect, and the sailor referred to had his head taken off. Two or three others were killed at the same time. The Donegal brings about two hundred and fifty discharged sailors and naval officers She has no prisoners on board.

SAILED.—The U. S. gunboat Neptune left the Navy Yard on Sunday morning for special service. The Neptune, and several other vessels of her class, are to be employed in convoying California mail steamers, so as to prevent their capture.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA.

Wednesday Morning, November 23, 1864.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

"THE LITTLE BIRDS," a little poem, is evidently from an unpracticed hand, and will hardly do to publish.

"WE ARE NOT ALL HERE," by A. N. R., is very excellent in sentiment, but, as poetry, is hardly as perfect as we desire.

A NEW MUSEUM.

Editors Dollar Newspaper:—Gentlemen—Thirty or forty years since the writer was in the habit of occasionally visiting Philadelphia, and one of the pleasing places of resort was Peale's, and subsequently the Chinese Museum. Those of us who have grown old can remember with what delight we visited these renowned places of amusement and instruction. With the exception of the Academy of Natural Science, which only in part fills the void occasioned by the removal of the Museum, we have no place that can be called a museum. It is believed that such a place of pleasing resort would now be handsomely patronized and would be highly remunerative. Can not a few of our public spirited citizens would be glad of the opportunity of placing in such an institution many objects of art and virtu which now remain concealed from the public eye.

Will not some of our public institutions take hold of the matter and commence a collection, which it is believed would be rapidly increased from private donations; or if deemed more advisable, an act of incorporation could be obtained from the coming Legislature. Why should not the Philosophical Society, or the University of Pennsylvania take hold of the project and warm it into life? EDWARDS.

We do not see why a museum of natural objects and curiosities could not be commenced as an addition to the attractions of Fairmount Park. The fine collection of the Academy of Natural Sciences began by individual subscriptions, and when once it was understood that the contributions were for a free gallery to embellish what is already an object of pride with our citizens, it would not be long before a valuable collection would be obtained, for every Philadelphian, at home or abroad, would take pleasure in contributing to it. In this way we would secure a public museum which each year would become more valuable. With a private collection its value is generally an inducement for dispersing the collections. Our own State furnishes facilities for a valuable collection of minerals, the ground within the Park affords space and facilities for the embellishment for a fine botanical garden. Amateurs in the science would provide an extensive herbarium, and with a collection of the birds and quadrupeds of our woods, stuffed and properly classified, we would have a museum of our own State which would afford as much information to strangers as it would amusement and instruction to our own citizens. If the University or Philosophical Society turn their attention to anything of the kind, we hope it will be in this direction, with the view of securing a public museum that will be as permanent as our Park. All who remember Peale's Museum, in the upper rooms of the Hall of Independence, know what a source of amusement and of refined pleasure it was with its collections of birds and beasts and fishes and objects of curiosity from all parts of the world.

EXTENSION OF OIL TERRITORIES.

One of the most remarkable features about the oil excitement is that, while the territory known to possess oil is so rapidly extending in area, the older settled portions where most oil has been drawn off is daily rising in price. The Tarr farm and the Story farm are far more valuable now than ever, and will fetch higher prices; indeed, this may be said of nearly the whole of Oil Creek property. The stock of the Columbia Company has been augmented five-fold within a year, and it has paid an average for several months of 48 per cent. per annum on that, while from the 1st of January it has produced, on an average, one hundred and twenty-five barrels per day more than last year, and including Sundays. The price, too, of the oil is higher than ever, being eleven dollars and a half per barrel at the wells now. Yet all around Oil Creek new areas have been added of far greater extent than those before known. Farms of 100 acres, that last January were bought at Walnut Bend for $3000, have since been sold off at the rate of about $30,000 for ten acres. The whole of Cherry Run may be said to have come into the market since the beginning of the year, and is now considered the most valuable territory anywhere to be found.

Wells are supposed never to fail on it.

The region of the Clarion is now becoming the object of great speculations. There is no doubt oil there in large quantities, but, as yet, none of importance has been obtained, and probably not a spoonful thus far has found its way into market. Companies, however, are formed and at work, and wells have been bored or rather are being bored in several places. Eight or ten companies are formed and at work. Mr. Lyon, of the Sligo Iron Works, has a well down about a thousand feet, from which he has expected a paying well, as good shows of oil have appeared. On Piney Creek, around Reidsburg, parties are now boring and on lands in that vicinity the surface shows are good. Thirty years ago salt wells were bored for both at Reidsburg and on the Clarion, at the mouth of Dier Creek, and oil spouted up, although its value was not then appreciated. One man did send half a barrel of it to Pittsburg for sale, but it was thrown away as "nasty, useless stuff," for which there was no demand. The well at the mouth of Dier Creek took fire and burned with great fierceness and fury until plugged up, forming a sort of river of fire. The coal of that region is in itself invaluable, and the lead ore recently discovered will add to its value.

Dr. Williams, one of the Professors at Meadville, thinks, however, that the true geological centre of the Oil Regions, thus far discovered, is Cincinnati, as the Western Virginia and Kentucky developments are of the most promising character, to say nothing of those further North. In Ohio the very finest lubricating oil is discovered, that brings at the mines twice and three times the price of ordinary Petroleum. There is an Ohio Petroleum Company, formed by men of the highest respectability from Oil Creek—a sort of extension, in fact, of the Columbia Company, of the Story Farm, working the oil lands in Ohio, and paying three per cent. per month from wells already developed there. Of this, Mr. Shreve, of Oil City, is President.

The question is often asked why none of this oil has been discovered east of the Alleghanies. But it is now claimed that it has, and a company is now at work at Hartleton, in Union Co., Pa., boring for oil. They say that they have been led to do this by very showy surface indications, some of the creeks having had the oil skimmed off them in sufficient quantities to prove the existence of much of it near.

We believe that it would pay well for some able geologist to be appointed by the next Legislature to examine and report upon the prospects for obtaining this Petroleum in various sections of the State. It might save much useless labor and encourage enterprise in right directions. Parties who thought there were indications of oil would be certain to present their proofs for examinations to such an inspector, who by reporting on them impartially might bring many valuable spots to notice and add to the riches of the State.

WILLIAM DENNEY, one of the oldest, best known and most widely respected builders of Philadelphia, died in this city on Monday last. He was not only a man of uncommon merit in his profession, but a citizen highly and universally esteemed for his integrity, liberality and many other admirable traits of character. He superintended the construction, within the last thirty odd years, of a number of the finest buildings that adorn our streets, among which are the edifice of the Presbyterian Board of Publication, the Continental Hotel, the Arcade stores of Dr. Jayne, and several splendid private dwellings. His death will be very generally lamented.

SORGHUM SUGAR, costing $9 per hundred pounds, made at Chicago, is on exhibition at the Agricultural Department in Washington It has the appearance of bright Havana sugar, and, at the price stated, must find plenty of buyers, if it is anything like as good, and we see no reason why it should not be.

LITERARY RECORD.

Essays, Moral, Political and Esthetic. By Herbert Spencer. New York: Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: Ashmead & Evans.

This is an English republication of two works of the distinguished author, published in England respectively in 1857 and 1863. The volume before us contains a portion of the Essays selected from both series. All, or nearly all, that this author has written for publication bears more or less directly upon the theory of Evolution. He aims to seize and bring out with scientific precision, the fundamental principles of the subject treated. This trait is eminently marked in his disquisition on Education, and will be found equally to characterize the Essays now published. The nature of our political institutions, which forms the subject of several of the Essays in this collection, have peculiar and special interest with the American reader just now. Mr. Spencer has given these subjects profound and protracted study, and the views he advances are entitled to grave consideration. Without assuming that his views are final, it may be claimed that they mark an immense advance in political philosophy, and throw important light upon numerous questions of immediate and practical concern. The work is full of wisdom and instruction, and the author, as a writer, among the most chaste and graceful that we have ever read.

Oswald Cray. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The publishers have issued this popular novel in their usual good style of large type and white paper, so that were the matter published of less interest than it really is, it would be a pleasure to read. But Mrs. Wood is no common order of writer, as the great demand for her many productions fully attests. A cotemporary speaking of her, says: "In all her writings there is a spirit of deep religious earnestness that irrepressibly excites one's sympathy and confidence, and impels you to accept her counsel as coming from a woman of experience, at peace with all mankind, and inspired to write not for the mere love of fame, but for the good of her fellow-creatures. 'Oswald Cray,' her new book, will be found to possess the faculty of sustaining interest unsurpassed by any rival in the domain of contemporary fiction."

Lyra Anglicana; Or, a Hymal of Sacred Poetry. By Rev. Geo. T. Rider. Appleton & Co., New York. Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia.

This handsomely issued volume is made up with selections from the best English writers, and arranged after the order of the Apostles' Creed. The compilation undertakes to register something of the lyric spirit of the various phases of past history; and not without some reference to the proportions and relations which seem to have obtained between the ecclesiastic and subjective, the retrospective and prophetic tendencies, which in their turn have quickened the Church. The poetry selected is not generally found in American reprints; and a large part, it is believed, herein reaches the general reader for the first time.

Uncle Nat; or, The Good Time which George and Frank had Camping Out, Etc Appleton & Co., New York. Ashmead & Evans, Philadelphia.

Independent of the fact that this little volume has been effectively illustrated, and given a decidedly holiday appearance in its binding, etc., the author has tried, and succeeded, too, in making it so entertaining that there will be a desire for another of a similar kind. Although the scenes are not laid in Africa, nor in South America, nor the Rocky Mountains, yet there is an Indian in it, and a rattlesnake, and very nearly a bear also.

Love and Duty. By Mrs. Hubback. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This story abounds in elevated thoughts, and no person can read it without being made wiser thereby. It is full of simple and *naive* wisdom, shrewd delineation of character in great variety, and has a piquancy that rivets the attention. The characters are drawn by a hand which can realize fictitious characters with minute intensity, and the novel, in the opinion of a cotemporary, stands out much in the same way as "Jane Eyre" did.

AMUSEMENTS.

The German Opera Company, under the management of Mr. Grover, brought its engagement of two weeks, performing nightly, and giving two day performances, to a close on Saturday evening. It was probably, all things considered, the most successful opera engagement ever performed at our *Academy of Music*.

Mr. Ford, of Washington, succeeds Mr. Grover as the lessee of the Academy, and opened on Monday evening, of this week, with Mr. Edwin Forrest in his great part of *Coriolanus*, in Shakspeare's admired play of that name, which was produced with all the parade of processions and scenic show which belong to it. Manager Ford has taken the Academy of Music for the purpose of producing this play in the style that its great excellence deserves. Mr. Forrest has never performed this part in Philadelphia, for want of the necessary facilities. It is one of his greatest personations, and, with the assistance which the manager has furnished him, the public may be assured of a treat in the performance. During the engagement, Mr. Forrest will play his usual round of Shakspearian characters, "Jack Cade," etc.

At the *Arch Street Theatre*, Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams continue their engagement through this week, and are attracting the same crowded houses as when they began three or four weeks ago. No one visiting our theatres would suppose that the country is suffering the horrors of rebellion, and that the price of living is three or four times what it formerly was. With one or two exceptions, every place of amusement in the city is nightly crowded—the Arch especially.

At the *Walnut Street Theatre*, Lucille Western's engagement is, as usual, an immense success. On Saturday evening, to witness her "Don Caesar de Bazan," the crowd was so great that hardly standing room could be had within sight of the stage. She opened the present week with her ever popular play of "East Lynne."

At the *Chesnut Street Theatre*, Mrs. Bowers, a very clever and impressive actress, concluded her engagement on Saturday evening, and is succeeded this week by the Stock Company, in Boucicault's sensational romance, in five acts, called "Pauvrette, or Under the Snow." It is hoped that the Stock Company may appear to better advantage unaided by a star than it has hitherto shown itself in conjunction with one. The Chesnut Street Theatre has fallen far from the high aristocratic pretensions set up for it when first opened. There is not now in all our theatres a second to it in the city—either in the quality of its company or the character of its audiences; added to all which the auditorium is the least comfortable.

The *National Circus* on Walnut street, near Eighth, must be doing an immense business. We passed the house on Saturday evening, a few minutes before the time of opening the doors of admission, and found the street from side to side almost entirely blocked up with a crowd awaiting opportunity to enter. The performances in the ring are said to be very superior in their way, and that excellent order, notwithstanding the crowd, is maintained.

Sanford's Opera House, in Race street, is filled every night to overflowing. The hall has been very elegantly fitted up, and the entertainments are the best of their character. Mr. Sanford has a great field before him. If he can ensure nightly such assemblages as have greeted him the past week, the Race street Opera House will prove one of the most attractive resorts in our city. Great preparations are in progress for Thanksgiving Day, when "Ye Shoemaker and Tailor of Kensington," will be produced for the gratification of the juveniles.

At the *Eleventh Street Opera House* there is nightly an entire change of performance, including a collection of the best and choicest songs, a new extravaganza, entitled "New Year Calls," with new scenery, etc. The Carncross & Dixey Troupe never appear to better advantage than in some of their melodies.

The *New Opera House in Chesnut street*, above Twelfth, has become thoroughly established, and is thronged nightly. A new and attractive farce, a delightful domestic drama, and any number of new and choice songs will be produced the present week, in addition to which a special programme for Thanksgiving Day will make that a most inviting festival.

Blitz and Bobby are making extensive preparations for Thanksgiving Day. The little folks are looking forward with joyful anticipations to the treat in store for them, and it is not in the heart of the Signor to disappoint them. He announces three performances during the day and evening, that all may have a chance to be in.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.—The addition to this large and valuable collection of books, during the current year amounts to nearly four thousand volumes, treating of a great variety of subjects, but especially of such as relate to the discovery, settlement and topography of the American Continent. The reading room of the library is free to all persons, though no books can be withdrawn from the library. A Washington paper says: "The law department of the library, which is used alike by Congress and by the Supreme Court, has also received valuable additions, especially in the department of trials, American and foreign, including, in addition to all the most celebrated collections, hundreds of interesting trials reported separately. This collection embraces nearly every trial for treason, ancient or modern, and is undoubtedly the most complete one outside of the British Museum."

THE COTTON CROP ON THE GOVERNMENT PLANTATIONS.—The Vicksburg Herald says the cotton crop on the plantations worked by the freedmen will fall very far short of the most moderate calculations, if the same casualties have befallen it that cut it short in that county. The army worm has destroyed it. Four hundred acres of land yield but twenty bales of cotton, while the yield should be from one to two bales per acre.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

☞ Five out of six cases of yellow fever at Newbern prove fatal.

☞ All they ask on the Berkshire hills for potatoes is 33 cents per bushel.

☞ Gold is reported to have sold in Richmond at $25 before Early's defeat and $50 after.

☞ Clement Webster, long editor of the Providence Post, died of paralysis on the 16th ult.

☞ It costs the city of New York $1,000,000 a year for cleansing its streets.

☞ A good many southern planters are removing to Brazil and settling there.

☞ Words, like air, are capable of great condensation.

☞ The consideration of some minor questions still delays the final conclusion of the Danish peace.

☞ A letter from one of Early's soldiers says: "We all think Gen. Early drinks too much."

☞ Practice without knowledge is blind, and knowledge without practice is lame.

☞ The officers of the captured pirate Florida appeared in Washington in full uniform.

☞ There is said to be a silver mine in Sweden, where the ore is taken in blocks.

☞ Water from the river Jordan is sold in Paris for baptismal purposes.

☞ Old birds are not caught with chaff; young women are often caught with nothing else.

☞ They say there is truth in wine, but a drunken man can't be expected to tell the sober truth.

☞ Brignoli sings in Madrid, but as he refused to repeat an air when called upon they hissed him.

☞ A correspondent of the London Times in Denmark, who was challenged, refused to fight. He was neutral, he said.

☞ The summit of Mt. Mansfield, in Stowe, Vt., was covered with snow two feet deep on Sunday fortnight.

☞ J. W. Beede of Meredith Village, N. H., has a Shorthorn calf five months old that weighs 550 pounds.

☞ So long as men are imprudent in their diet and business, doctors and lawyers will ride in carriages.

☞ Captain Semmes' new vessel is called the Sea King. The United States vessels will soon be See-king her.

☞ It is said that the Emperor Max has an eye on Texas. We return the compliment. We have an eye on him.

☞ The great Council of the Canton of Gall in Switzerland, has recognized the existence of the dissenting Church.

☞ Dislocated Conumdrum.—What periodical storm is like the kick of a horse? Why, the equine-knocks, of course.

☞ It is said that two men in a hotel in Milwaukee, recently blew out the gas when they went to bed, and were suffocated by its escape.

☞ You cannot prevent the wind's rising and the tempest's raging, but within you may secure unbroken calm and endless sunshine.

☞ It appears from the published vital statistics in Ireland that longevity is greatest among the poorest people.

☞ The girl who succeeds in winning the true love of a true man makes a lucky hit, and is herself a lucky Miss.

☞ Some poet says the wind kisses the waves. That, we suppose, is the celebrated "kiss for a blow," which we have heard of so much.

☞ The President shows himself in public more frequently than heretofore, and last week was a spectator at Grover's theatre of E. L. Davenport's rendition of Hamlet.

☞ Abigail Fogg lately died in Deering, N. H. During her long life of 94 years she never left the town in which she lived and died.

☞ At a spelling match in Andover, the first prize, a stereoscope and views, was taken by Mary Lizzie Upton.

☞ In Chester county, Pa., not less than thirty mills are at work manufacturing sorghum syrup. The price charged is 25 to 30 cts. per gallon.

☞ Everybody is now informed that the Davenport brothers only perform a rope trick which has been known for many years, and practiced by American and African jugglers.

☞ The Canadian raiders have turned out to be Duck shooters. We suspected that instead of ducks there would be stool pigeons in the pie.

☞ Jeremy Taylor says that it takes a wide garment to cover some people's sins. We wonder if our ladies will think it necessary to expand their crinoline.

☞ E. C. Shirley, of Goffstown, N. H., grew a California potato that weighed 4½ pounds; and two others in the same hill, both weighing 5 pounds.

☞ A pedestrian in Maine has been trying the feat of walking four days and nights continually. He is now delirious. Want of rest and sleep did the business for him.

☞ A writer in the Knickerbocker Magazine trying to be severe upon Boston, is only funny when he says the city is called the "hub" because a *fellow* gets *tired* going about it.

☞ Bowdoin College is without a Sophomore class. Eleven of the class are suspended, and the remainder given leave of absence for "hazing." Let Harvard learn of Bowdoin.

☞ It is said that at least two-thirds of the men in the rebel army, in signing the pay-rolls, make their mark. They are soldiers of the *cross*.

☞ The Providence Journal says that the wife of Major General Benjamin F. Butler is an actress, who, under the name of Hildreth, played at the Providence theatre some twenty years ago.

☞ Snails are now an article of luxury in Parisian eating-houses, The large restaurants employ boys expressly to coax the snails out of their shells, when they are instantly seized and cooked.

☞ The aristocratic ladies of Liverpool are holding a fair for the benefit of the Southern Confederacy. No matter what we have to say of British neutrality, this last proceeding is undoubtedly fair.

☞ In Vermont any person who has no visible means of support is to be deemed a vagrant. It is surmised that under this act all ladies will have to go round with short skirts, so that the myrmidons of the law may have no pretence for arrest.

☞ The Parisian ladies this winter are going to adopt very short skirts, very high boots, and very plaid stockings. The ladies here have no choice but to follow their example. Boots, skirts and everything else are so confounded high.

☞ Emigration to New York has virtually stopped, and many emigrants have gone back to the old country. We suspect that the appearance of the substitute brokers and emigrant runners whom they encountered here impressed them unfavorably.

☞ Two new operatic artists are amusing the Romans. They are called Trebelli and Beltini. One of them is a lady, but owing to the foreign habit of never calling them by Christian name, we can't tell whether Trebelli or Beltini is she. But we are inclined, for apparent reasons, to decide that *Beltini* is the party.

☞ A soldier came home from the war, last week, with both his legs shot off, and $700 bounty in his pocket. His wife who had taken a great dislike to the poor fellow on account of his crippled condition, stole his money and ran away with it. The ladies must begin to learn that glory is sufficient compensation for legs.

☞ Professor Pepper, the inventor of the "Ghost Business" produced in New York last year, has been giving ghost lectures in London. He introduced at one of them the spirit of Paganism, which performed exquisitely on the violin. The spirit was personated by Mr. Levey, a London violinist.

☞ It is said that the moral condition of the boys of Portland, Me., wants attention. They raise the wind by running up to persons, delivering envelopes purporting to contain telegraphic despatches, receive fifty cents and run. The envelope contains generally an impertinent intimation that the recipient has been "done."

☞ The ladies are now adopting a new fashion for buttons. Buttons on ladies have lately increased by degrees from the size of a pea to the dimensions of a four pound dumb bell and the area of a soup plate, now they are to be square. Yes, square. Next month they will be triangular, and in the spring they will exhibit the shape of a rhomboid.

☞ The Rusian Engineer Todleben, is going to England on a visit. We wish he'd come here. If he is so much at putting up defences, perhaps he knows an easy way to knock them down. We want to get Richmond. There are any number of fortifications there designed by Beauregard, who is called the Todleben of America.

☞ There were 306 deaths in the city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 148 were adults and 158 children. There were 41 from consumption of the lungs; 11 from croup; 7 from diarrhœa; 13 from debility; 5 from typhus fever; 13 from typhoid fever; 15 from inflammation of the lungs; 3 from inflammation of the stomach and bowels; 7 from small pox; 4 from old age, and 8 from gunshot wounds. Deaths and interment of soldiers, 36.

☞ Singular names cause a deal of fun. Take this for example: There is a lady in Boston whose msiden name was Husband, so she was husband to her husband before they were married. There is a citizen of Urbana, Ohio, whose name is More, whose wife presented him with a little baby lately, and who has therefore been the father of one More ever since. There is a lady in West Liberty, Ohio, whose name is Gross, and who, therefore in giving her husband one Gross gave him twelve dozen children at once. There is a man named Peck in St. Louis who has 2½ bushels of children—ten little pecks.

THE LATEST NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

From the Army of the Potomac.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—Information from the Army of the Potomac, dated yesterday, says a good deal of firing was heard on Saturday, in front of Petersburg, on the Appomattox, but as far as has been learned without any important results.

Deserters report the rebel troops on the James river have all been withdrawn with the exception of a skirmish line, and enough men to man the guns in the forts. Up to yesterday morning there had been almost continuous rain for thirty-six hours.

Rumors had reached the army that the enemy was evacuating Petersburg, but they were not generally believed.

The Monohansett came to Washington to-day, in place of the regular steamer Cossack, which had run into a schooner on her downward trip. The Cossack accidentally ran aground near Maryland Point, when it was discovered that three holes had been knocked into her bottom, just above the water line, in her collision with the schooner. The steamer Guide came to the relief of the Cossack, and took off her mails and passengers and conveyed them to Fortress Mcnroe.

General Sherman's Advance Movement.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 20.—Brigadier General Barry, Sherman's chief of artillery, arrived here, yesterday, seriously ill. He left General Sherman at Kingston, Ga., at nine o'clock, on the morning of the 12th instant.

General Barry says Sherman has all the infantry, cavalry and artillery he wants. The men had received eight months' pay and their outfit has been especially adapted to a hard and rapid winter's campaign. The *morale* of the troops is unequalled for efficiency and vigor, and Gen. Sherman will carry his army triumphantly through the work he has to do.

On Monday night last, Hood's entire forces, including Forrest's cavalry, were in the immediate neighborhood of Tuscumbia and Florence, Ala., watched by the troops under General Thomas, of such strength as will renderan invasion of Tennessee impossible, and leave the withdrawal of Hood, for service elsewhere, an operation of extreme delicacy.

From New Orleans and Memphis via Cairo.

CAIRO, Nov. 19.—Memphis dates of the 17th, say that reports placed Beauregard with a considerable rebel force at Corinth, and that Forrest would join him there. The rebel Capt. Thompson was conscripting every man he could find in the neighborhood of Jermantown.

Nine hundred rebel prisoners are at Mt. Pleasant, Miss., 12 miles from Collierville. This is the only large body near Memphis, but there are several smaller forces not far away. Chalmers and Longstreet are reported at Holly Springs.

Forty-six paroled Federal officers arrived at Memphis on the 15th, under the escort of the rebel commissioner of exchange. The crew of the steamer Cheeseman, captured on the Tennessee river by Forrest, have been paroled, and have also arrived at Memphis.

New Orleans papers of the 12th inst., confirm the statement concerning the attempt of the Captain of the gunboat Rattler, to surrender his vessel to the rebels. He was to receive 100 bales of cotton, $80,000 in greenbacks, and was to be passed through the Mississippi department to Mexico.

The Blockade Raised at Norfolk, Fernandina and Pensacola.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 20.—The ports of Norfolk, Va., Fernandina, Fla., and Pensacola, Fla., having for some time past been in the military possession of the United States, it isdeemed advisable that they should be opened to domestic and foreign commerce. The President has, therefore, issued a proclamation making known that, pursuant to authority vested in him by the act of Congress of June, 1861, that the blockade of those ports shall so far cease and determine from and after the 1st day of December next; that commercial intercourse with them, except as to persons, things, and information contraband of war, may from that time be carried on, subject to the laws of the United States, to the limitations and in pursuance of the regulations which may be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury, and to such military and naval regulations as are now in force or which may hereafter be found necessary.

Captures by our Blockaders.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—The following captures are reported to the Department. The English schooner Lucy, with an assorted cargo, by the U. S. schooner Seabird. The crew all escaped to the shore in small boats, except one man who was too drunk to move or say anything. Also was from Bahia, and cleared for Matamoras.

Acting Vol. Lieut. Schmidt, commanding the U. S. steamer Nita, reports the capture of an unknown schooner on October 24th. The crew also escaped to the shore in small boats, and fired the schooner, but the flames were soon extinguished.

A small sloop, no name, was captured October 24th by the sloop Rosedale. All the capturing vessels are attached to the East Gulf Blockading Squadron.

From Arkansas—Retreat of Price.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE BORDER, CAMP ARKANSAS, Nov. 6, via Fort Scott, Nov. 15.—To Gen. Davies:—We have just concluded the pursuit of Price, whose rear guard crossed the Arkansas river, under fire of our guns. He left another of his guns and his own carriage, which, with other arms and equipments, have fallen into our hands. We are now rid of 20,000 or 30,000 half-starved bushwhackers and half starved vagabonds, who, I hope, may never return to disturb the peaceful inhabitants north of the Arkansas river. He is also beyond our posts of Fayetteville, Fort Smith, and Fort Gibson, which are now safe.

S. R. CURTIS, Major General.

The War in Georgia.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 21.—The Gazette's Nashville despatch says that military affairs are unchanged and comparatively quiet. The rain continues, and the roads are in bad condition. Hood and Beauregard are still in the vicinity of Florence. Nine hundred rebel prisoners arrived at Nashville on Saturday morning, from Atlanta. Thinking the place evacuated, they rushed in to pillage and plunder, and were captured. The rebel sympathizers at Nashville are gloomy and disconsolate, in consequence of the anticipated results of Gen. Sherman's movements. Accessions to our army are arriving daily from the North.

Rumored Defeat of Gen'l Gillem by Breckinridge.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 19.—2.40 A. M.—Intelligence deemed reliable, but the accuracy of which cannot be determined to-night, says that very recently the rebel General Breckinridge with ten thousand men attacked Gen'l Gillem, near Bull's Gap, and after a desperate fight the latter was defeated, with a loss of four hundred prisoners. The number of killed and wounded is not stated. No fears of an invasion of Kentucky as a consequence of this reverse are apprehended, as the military authorities are fully prepared to meet any advance of such a force into the State.

Death of Major General Canby.

CAIRO, Nov. 20.—The clerk of the steamer Stickney, from New Orleans on the evening of the 12th inst., says it was told by the Quartermaster at New Orleans, that General Canby died at one o'clock that afternoon, and on the arrival of the steamer at Morganzia, the latest telegraphic despatches received there confirmed the statement of the General's death.

The War in Tennessee.

AN ATTACK OF THE ENEMY—THEIR REPULSE.

CHATTANOOGA, Nov. 19.—The rebels attacked our forces at Strawberry plains, 18 miles above Knoxville, in force, yesterday morning at daylight.

The fight continued at inter vals all day. Our forces held their own and repulsed the enemy in every attack.

Arrest of an Alleged Pirate.

TORONTO, C. W., Nov. 21.—A man, answering the description of Captain Bell, the leader of the Lake Erie pirates, was arrested at Guelph, C. W., on Saturday, and has been brought to the city. His examination will take place to-morrow.

Safety of General Gillem.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 20.—Gen. Gillem is safe at Knoxville with his command. In the attack on his outposts, our loss in killed, wounded and missing did not exceed 400 men.

A Savings Bank Robbed.

BOSTON, Nov. 19.—The Saving Bank in Walpole, N. H., was robbed last night of $13,000 in United States bonds.

Dead Letter Office.

In the subjoined extracts from a letter in the Chicago Journal are some practical hints to letter-writers:

I have just seen a letter of three pages and not a word in it; the work of a poor crazed soldier; not a character of any tongue in Babel but only a little child's meaningless imitation of writing; and in that letter were ninety dollars. It came here; the Department discovered the writer, his regiment and death. The money waits. Letters sometimes have most interesting histories. Thus, an officer here in Washington writing a letter to his wife, who is in New York, simply signed it with his given name, and carelessly subscribed it "Washington." The letter came hither; and now who and where was the writer? In the body of the letter was a distant allusion to some brigade; upon this hint" the department played Othello and "spake." The brigade was inquired after and of; was found and it answered; the writer was a Major and was dead. His wife had removed from her old desolate home, but she was discovered, and the money placed in her hand as if by the hand of the dead.

Every letter, no mater what trifles are in it, should begin with the post-office, State, and poor terrestrial date, day, month and year. It is all very fine to write from "Clover Lawn," or "Willow Tree," or "Sweet Home," and date it "Sunday Eve," "Birthday," or "Moonshine," but suppose the postmark is dim, and the letter gets into this marble cemetery, what then? And then as to the superscription. By the present fashion we have, first the name life-size, and if the sea will possibly allow it, Esquired, then the post-office, last and least, and tucked in a corner, like a naughty boy, the State.

Now, is not this reversing the order of things? Cribbing the greater and magnifying the less? People, I presume, will not be persuaded to change their mode of address, letters dead or alive but how would it do to direct a letter thus?

MASSACHUSETTS, *Boston.*

Dr. O. W. Holmes.

The little traveller would be sure to get into the right State at the first dash, make straight for the post-office, and finding the funny doctor would be an easy business.

IN LADY MORGAN'S MEMOIRS a story is told of a gentleman who was denouncing a certain Bishop, and concluded a violent philippic by declaring his lordship was so heretical in church observances that he would "eat a horse on Ash Wednesday!" "Of course he would," said a friend of the Bishop, "of course he would, if it was a fast horse!"

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21, 1864.

"Peace is coming sooner than most people expect, and in a way that is least loooked for," said a prominent Wall street banker early last week, just returned from Washington. That banker affected to know a great deal, but the above oracular utterance was all he could be coaxed to divulge. He may have been interested in gold, and operating for a fall, but, whether or not, it is certain his assurance has been received by sensible and shrewd men even as something more than a *canard* for Wall or William street consumption—with what reason, however, we must wait and see.

There is excellent reason for believing that the Liverpool steamer from this port to-day carries out a special bearer of despatches to the Court of Brazil, with instructions that he take passage in the semi-monthly British packet from Southampton for Rio Janeiro. Having no direct or speedy line of communication with that portion of South America ourselves, that roundabout way to Rio is in fact the shortest way thither from Washington or New York. Of course, the despatches which are thus forwarded, seemingly with so much urgency, are known only to the State Department, but parties here, who are usually well informed of what is transpiring at the seat of government when a difficulty with our foreign relations is on the *tapis*, do not hesitate to assert that they embrace a communication from Mr. Seward, making full and ample apology for the seizure of the Florida, in the harbor of Bahia. A month or six weeks must elapse before we have the Brazilian response, but if the fact be as stated, all further apprehension of a rupture with that government may as well be dismissed from the public mind.

Gold is beginning to creep up again, and it is suspected that the recent bear movement has about exhausted its strength. The heavy shipments to Europe to day, the return of General Grant from the Army of the Potomac, thus rendering further active movements against Richmond doubtful for the present, together with the uncertainty that attaches to the mysterious movements of General Sherman, have all been employed by the bulls to raise the price, and, as you will see by the quotations below, not without success. The rumor, credited to the National Intelligencer, that the President is about to send a Peace Commission to Richmond, has had little influence, under the conviction that it was but a repetition of the stories to the same effect, floating about ever since General Butler's speech at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The truth is, things are in such a posture just now, that some people are rather glad than otherwise that the high price of gold is maintained. This is particularly the case, not only with wholesale merchants, but hosts of small traders who have large stocks of merchandize on hand, which were purchased when the "standard of value" was ranging from 250 to 260, and thereabouts. A heavy decline would be the ruin of these people, and hence the bare intimation that gold is lower sets them all in a shiver.

The master bakers and hotel keepers have resolved to gratuitously cook the 10,000 turkeys that are to be sent to our soldiers by Commodore Macy from this city, Thanksgiving day.

The man (Mulligan) who, to fulfill an election bet, went to work to clean Essex street, was compelled to suspend operations last Tuesday. He drew so great a crowd that the police had to interfere to preserve the public peace.

Com. Nutt sailed for Liverpool to-day in the City of Baltimore. There was quite a crowd of friends and admirers on the wharf to bid him good-bye.

The absconding (Mercantile Bank) Cashier Windsor, it is now ascertained, took passage in the steamer Teutonia, which left this port on the 2d inst. for Southampton. He made all his property over to his brother-in-law before he left.

Lieut. Cushing the hero of the Roanoke, is in town. He visited the Stock Exchange this afternoon, and was cordially received. The merchants talk of presenting him with a substantial token of their esteem.

The week, in business circles, closes very quietly. In money matters there is no variation worth recording. The supply continues abundant, and the demand moderate.

The politicians are beginning to clatter and clamor about the municipal election (for city fathers), which comes off in the first week in December. The position of alderman or Councilman, in these degenerate days, unhappily is not such as to make it an inducement for respectable citizens to enter the ring, and so the whole thing is substantially in the hands of the Goths and Vandals, i. e. the disciples of prog and plunder.

Foreign Exchange closed stiff for the packets of to-day Sixty days' sterling 109¼ a 109⅝; francs 5f. 8¾ a 5f. 13¾.

The three European steamers took $1,491,076 in specie, making a total, for the week, of $1,641,000.

The total imports at New York for the week compare as follows with previous returns:

	Nov 19.	Nov. 12.	Nov 5.	Oct. 29.	Oct. 22.
D. Gd's.	$309,476	1,005,267	851,068	721,817	736,511
G. Md's.	1,441,315	2,292,274	999,193	1,417,879	1,588,314

Total, $1,830,791 3 227 571 1,360 879 2,139,696 2,275 825

Gold opened at 218¼, advanced to 225¼, and finally left off at 220¼.

The stock market this morning was quite lively, with a general improvement in prices. The railways were from ¼ to 2¾ per cent. better.

Governments were not quite so active, but prices were steady. The 5-20's advanced to 103¾, and the certificates to 96¼. Railroad bonds dull, but prices firm, and the miscellaneous list was stronger throughout.

As usual on Saturdays there was no second board, but prices in the street were steady, and at the close there was no activity.

Payments at the Sub-treasury $3,439,723 28; receipts, $2,504,172 31; balance, $30,991,881 51. The receipts include $197,000 from customs and $318,500 on account of the loan.

COTTON.—Nominal at $1 30. Flour advanced 30c., with sales 9000 bbls., closing less buoyant. Southern flour firm at $10 25 a 11 25 for the lower grades; sales 700 bbls. Rye flour dull. Corn meal, steady.

GRAIN.—Wheat advanced 3c.; sales 8000 bush. at $2 40 for amber Michigan. Corn advanced 2 a 3c, with sales of mixed at 185¼, delivered. Oats dull, at 76c. for Western.

WHISKY quiet; sales 600 bbls. at $1 72.

THE MARKETS.

THE MONEY MARKET.

—The following abstract of Company reports shows the coal tonnage for the week and season as compared with corresponding time last year:

Companies.	Week.	Season.	Last Season	Incre's
Reading R.....	68,719	2,940,362	2,916,192	4,160
Shamokin Coal..	31,120	1,209,060

THE SOLDIER'S DOG.

[FROM THE BOSTON LEADER.]

He starts from the hearth with a low, sad whine,
As the night-wind rattles the casement frame,
And looks at me with eyes that shine
As if through tears when I speak your name.
Yonder your empty chair by the wall
Stands, half in the shadow, and half in the light,
And the old clock ticks in the silent hall
Like a shuddering pulse of the dreary night.

A click of the latch at the garden gate,
Some sound like steps on the upper floors,
In the still long hours where we sit and wait—
Perhaps for your face at the open doors—
And sigh at last as the flex tree,
Shakes on the pane, and the fancy flies;
Then he lays his shaggy head down on my knee,
And looks at me still with those wistful eyes.

Does not a thought of the summer's dead
E'er haunt him, following mute and slow
Down the dim old path we used to tread,
In the purple morning of long ago?
Some long spent wind in the bearded grain,
Some lightsome carol on hedge or thorn,
Lost echoes caught from the reaper's strain
Among the laurels and shining corn?

He listens; I think, for your footsteps still,
In the depths of the woodlands gray and old,
Where the comfortless storms go sobbing at will,
And the maples are casting their tawny gold—
For the lightsome call that he used to hear
Through the sharp, dead rustle of leaf and spray;
But the old ways now are lonely and sere,
And the roar of the cannon is far away.

Far, far away, old Rover and we
Must wait at the shadowy hearth alone,
Haunted for aye for some tone of glee,
Some sleepless ghost of the glad days gone.
Come close to my side—there! your rough paws so,
And your brown head here—let the ilex-leaves
Whirl on the pane—ah, we all must know
That the heart that loves is the heart that grieves.

Away, where the bellowing batteries' light
Reddens the dark of the Southern sky,
He has laid him down on the turf to-night
Thinking, Rover, of you and I,
Grim with the smoke of the trench, or worn
With the toil of the battle, yet seeing there
The lights of home through the distance burn,
And the faces that watch by his empty chair.

Ah, well the hour grows dark and late;
There will come no step on the silent floors,
No hand to-night at the garden gate,
No smiling face at the open doors.
The shadows creep along the wall,
But one star shines through the falling rain,
They trust the best who have waited their all—
Lie down, old friend, at my feet again.

THE FARMER.

[We will send the "Dollar Newspaper" gratuitously, for one year, to all who will become occasional contributors to this department of the paper. At the expiration of one year it will be discontinued unless our attention is called to a renewal.]

VINELAND---WEST JERSEY.

There is no more thriving section than is presented in all the region of country on the line of the Camden and Cape Island Railroad, and the most remarkable enterprise on the entire length of that road is the new settlement of Vineland. We passed through it on a flying visit to Cape Island during the past summer, and in the way of colonization it is certainly the most remarkable and most successful undertaking that we have ever witnessed. Its features are entirely orginal. The settlement of a new country has been reduced to a system. It embraces several important features. No land is sold, except for actual settlement, within one year. This stipulation embraces the planting of shade trees in front of each place, securing the sides of the road to grass, for ornament as well as use, the introduction of fruit and garden culture, a complete system of education for the young, and religious privileges for the people. This tract of country consists of forty-five square miles of land, upon the railroad between Philadelphia and Cape May, thirty-five miles South of Philadelphia, giving it an excellent market and climate. The well-known agricultural editor of the New York Tribune, Solon Robinson, as well as fruit-growers and farmers that have settled thereabouts, pronounce the soil of a superior quality. It now produces large crops for market. Charles K. Landis started this enterprise in the spring of 1862, and already the settlement embraces a population of from 4,000 to 5,000, with a capacity for 15,000. Mr. Landis has opened eighty miles of new roads and streets, which are lined with buildings, orchards, vineyards and gardens. Schoolhouses, churches, &c., have already been erected. A thriving town has already been built in the centre of the tract, wherein manufactories are already prospering. The buildings in the place are tasty as well as substantial. Many of the settlers are wealthy people from the various New England cities, New Bedford, Hartford, Providence, Boston, Bangor, and others. They go there for the purpose of having homes in a mild and genial climate, where they can cultivate the land according to their tastes. Two hundred vineyards have been planted, and the peculiar nature combined with gardening, is one of the most beautiful and ornamental features. One quality is supremely original, namely, the absence of groggeries. No intoxicating liquors are sold. Some properties have improved in value two hundred per cent. in one year. No land or town lot whatever is sold on speculation. By a late legislative act a large district of land in Cumberland county has been set off, making Vineland a separate township, and placing it under the general regulations, and in compliment to its founder, giving it the name of Landis township.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE BUSHEL.

In early times serious obstacles were thrown in the way of commerce on account of a want of uniformity of measures of grain, &c., as nearly every chief city or province had its own set of measures, and they were often neither definite or uniform, and to this day nearly every nation has a standard of its own. I will confine myself, however, mainly to the standard unit of measure of our own nation, which is the Winchester bushel, showing what it is, and also answer the question of your correspondent, "West Branch," as regards the finding of the number of bushels of corn in a crib or bin, or, in fact, any other grain.

The United States Government in establishing its standards of weights and measures founded them upon the unalterable laws of nature, as will be shown hereafter, thus wisely preventing any change except by statute.

The day is the invariable standard unit from which the standard units of weights and measures are derived. It has been proven by astronomers that the diurnal or daily revolution of the earth is always uniform, always performing equal parts of a revolution on its axis in equal periods of time.

Having decided upon the standard unit a measure was sought that should also connect with extension as well as this unit. Clock pendulums, whose rods are of any given length, vibrate the same number of times in the same time, providing, of course, the pendulums are of the same length. The standards given hereafter have been adopted, and are determined by the day and pendulum as follows: The United States standard of extension is the yard of 36 inches. A pendum vibrating seconds of time in the latitude of Greenwich, England, in a vacuum on a level with the sea, is always of one and the same length. It is divided into 391,393 equal parts; 360,000 parts are one yard, or 10,000 of these parts are equal to one inch. Therefore, such a pendulum is 39.1393 inches in length, and a yard is the 360,000-391,393 part of the pendulum's length. I have now shown what the unit of extension is, and how it was determined. I will now show what the unit of dry measure is, and how that is determined. As before mentioned, the American standard bushel is the Winchester bushel; it is 18½ inches in diameter and 8 inches deep, containing 2150.42 cubic inches. It will be seen at once by the reader that as long as this earth performs its daily revolution in the same time it now does the standard cannot change except by law, for the pendulum that vibrates seconds, or that vibrates 86,400 times in 24 hours, will always be the same length, and as long as the pendulum is the same in length so will be the inch, and as long as the inch is unaltered so the bushel will remain. How simple and plain the method as laid down in the act. "Take a pendulum which will vibrate seconds in London on a level with the sea in a vacuum, divide all that part thereof between the axis of suspension and the centre of oscillation into 391,393 equal parts, then will 10,000 of these be an imperial inch, 12 whereof make a foot, and 36 whereof make a yard." And the standard unit of dry measure shall be the bushel which shall be in form a cylinder, 18½ inches in diameter and 8 inches deep, containing 2,150 42-100 cubic inches. Such is a bushel, and there is no other in the United States. It was adopted by Congress June 14, 1836, for all the States, and furnished to the same in 1842. At least the half bushel was with others to be a standard, and to be used in the custom houses, &c. It was used in England till 1826, when it was put aside for the imperial bushel, containing 2,218.-192 cubic inches, 32 of theirs equalling about 33 of ours. If any one wishes to find out how many bushels of corn he has in his crib, all he will have to do will be to reduce the contents to cubic inches and divide by the number of cubic inches in a bushel, and he will get the answer in strict measure, or if he should want to find out how many bushels heap measure divide by 2797.7167, (the number of cubic inches in a bushel heap measure) if the answer is wanted to be very accurate; if not, say that 5 bushels strict measure will make 4 bushels heap measure, or 5 pecks stricken measure a bushel, as a heap bushel actually contains 5 pecks 1¼ pints. Of course, if the corn is on the cob, the answer the number of bushels of corn on the cob. There is where your correspondent "C. B." made his mistake, for he supposed that it would give the number of bushels of shelled corn, which is not the case by any means. If any of your readers would find out how many bushels of shelled corn he has in his crib, he will have to find out how much corn on the cob it takes for a bushel of shelled corn, or he can easily perform the operation by a rule that I have never seen in print, and has, I think, originated with me. It is as follows:

First, find out how many bushels of corn on the cob you have in your crib-strict measure, then take out a bushel of the corn strict measure and weigh the corn after it is shelled from the cob, and note it down; then shell a bushel of corn strict measure and weigh it, and note its weight down also. Then divide the weight of the bushel of shelled corn by the weight of the corn from the bushel on the cob, and by the quotient arising from this division divide the whole number of bushels of corn on the cob, and the answer will be the number of bushels of shelled corn in the crib. For instance, I have 500 bushels of corn on the crib. I wish to find out how much shelled corn there will be. The corn on a bushel of unshelled corn weighs 38 pounds; a bushel of shelled corn weighs 57; then

FIRST OPERATION.	SECOND OPERATION.
38)57(1.5	1.5)500(333 5-15
38	45
—	—
190	50
190	45
—	—
	50
	45
	—
	5

Thus it will be seen I have 333⅓ bushels of shelled corn strict measure in my crib. If any one wishes or prefers the heap measure all the difference is, find the number of bushels of the same in his crib by a rule given before, and proceed in the same way. NORTH BRANCH.

Bradford Co., Pa., August, 1864.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MONTH.

Are the horse stables as well as cattle stables all in good order for cold weather? Are they so constructed that they can be closed and made comfortable when the weather is cold and stormy; and when the weather is of a moderate temperature, can they be well ventilated? Have comfortable quarters been prepared for all young animals—colts, calves and lambs? And do all young animals receive a little meal daily? November is a trying period for all kinds of stock, as the grass fails, and they are required to subsist in part on dry fodder. every young animal, as well as old one, should have its winter quarters in readiness this month, so that every one of them may be kept dry and comfortably warm during the cold and stormy nights of November in our latitude.

FATTENING PORK.—Let the fattening of pork be hurried up during the mild weather of this month, because more flesh and fat can be made in one day when the weather is warm than in two days when the weather is stormy and cold. As the price of coarse grain is so very high, it will be good economy to scald all the meal that swine consume while they are being fattened. And this can be done with very little trouble, if one will only calculate for it in good time. There is usually heat enough lost in the kitchen every time a meal of victuals is cooked to heat a boiler full of water, which might be used for scalding meal for swine, providing the water was put in the boiler at the proper time. But most people are like most of our female domestics, who seldom think of heating their dish-water until the dishes are ready to be washed. Then an extra fire must be made, and they must wait for the water to heat.

MILK COWS.—See that milk cows do not grow poor during the change from grass to dry fodder. Let each one have the benefit of a comfortable stall during the night, and let every one be "slopped" every morning, with a few quarts of meal and bran wet with water and salted a little. This will keep the flow of milk good. If a cow is allowed to shrink in the quantity of milk, it is very difficult almost always, even with extra feeding, to increase the flow to the same quantity that a cow gave before the quantity was diminished. I have always observed one very important consideration among most farmers all over the country, which is, that they will persist in the practice of allowing most of their animals to grow poor in late autumn before they commence feeding them on meal or grain. And the same fact is to be observed in villages and cities, with about every one who keeps a cow. As soon as the cows become almost spring poor, their owners will begin to feed them a little meal. From the 1st of October our own cow has received every morning a pailful of meal and bran, mingled with water; and we always think that such feed is profitably consumed.

VINES AND BUSHES.—Grapevines should be cut loose from their supports and laid down and covered with earth before the ground freezes. Raspberry bushes also—especially those kinds which are always injured by the intense cold of winter—should all be gathered together, and extended their entire length on the ground, and covered with a little soil. In order to perform the job expeditiously and in a workmanlike manner, two laborers are necessary. One man should commence at one end of a row of bushes and move backwards, and gather every bush into a snug roll, and bend them all down close to the lower ends of the bushes and hold them there, while another man covers them with earth deep enough to hold them down.

CARE OF PEACH TREES.—If small peach trees could be laid down and covered with earth during the cold weather, or if a tree could be enclosed in a case made of boards and the interstices filled with straw, the proprietor would feel very certain of having a bountiful crop of peaches next year. In some instances where the limbs are very low, they may be laid down and covered with earth, and kept there by placing large stones or blocks of wood on them, after they have been covered with earth.

GARDENING.—Asparagus should receive attention during the former part of the month. Let all the stalks be cut close to the ground before they have become dry. Then fork over the soil, and spread the tops over the bed, and cover the whole with a thin coat of good manure. There is nothing better to promote the growth of young asparagus next spring than the decayed tops of asparagus. New beds should also be made any time before the ground freezes. Spade the soil deep, and mingle a lot of sand, fine gravel, and plenty of fine manure with it, and plant the seed, and cover it with a thin coat of fine muck or fine black earth, which may be obtained in the woods. Decayed saw dust or chip-manure is excellent.

UNDER-DRAINING.—When the weather is pleasant laborers may work at under-draining very advantageously. But the tile or stone should be laid as soon as practicable after a ditch has been dug, as there is danger that the sides will cave in. Let every day's work of digging be filled at night. By fixing a spirit level on a straight piece of scantling ten or more feet long, the correct inclination for the bottom of a ditch may be obtained, and every rod may be filled as soon as it has been dug.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPES.

TO MAKE STARCH POLISH.—Take equal parts of white wax and spermaceti; melt them together and run into thin cakes on plates. A piece the size of a copper cent added to a quart of starch, gives a beautiful lustre to the clothes and prevents the irons from sticking.

BLUEING FOR CLOTHES.—Take one ounce of pure Prussian blue, powder it, and put in a bottle with one quart pure rain water, and add one-quarter of an ounce of oxalic acid. A teaspoonful is sufficient for a large washing.

RUSKS.—Beat seven eggs and mix with half a pint of warm, new milk, and a quarter of a pound of melted butter; add one gill of yeast and three ounces of sugar; stir in gradually enough flour to make a thin batter; let it rise half an hour before the fire, and stir in more flour to make it stiffer; work it well and divide in small loaves or cakes five or six inches wide and flatten them. When baked and cold, put them in the oven and brown them a little. Caraway seeds are sometimes added to the batter.

CUP CAKE.—Half a cup of butter; one cup of cold water; two of sugar; three of flour; four eggs, and two teaspoonsful of baking powder, and stir it briskly a few minutes.

Williamsburg, O., 1864. W. Y. M.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Boil done; divest the fowls of skins, bones and everything else but the breast, if you are fastidious, but generally all the lean of a fowl is used. Mince the meat fine; mix with it finely chopped celery and Indian pickle, until the taste of both is entirely perceptible. Just before using incorporate with it the following dressing: For two chickens, the finely chopped yolks of eight hard boiled eggs, one-fourth of a pint of pure salad oil or melted butter, two heaping teaspoonsful of mustard, one of pepper and salt, and one teacupful of strong celery vinegar. Mix this well and stir a little of this into a small portion of prepared meat. If any ingredient is lacking, add that one cautiously; when you find you have it right, mix thoroughly a short time before using.

SANDWICHES.—Slice some best loaf bread thin and evenly. Butter well and spread over some mustard sauce, or simply sprinkle with mustard, or spread a coat of nice jelly, then a layer of grated ham or tongue, or cheese, or any minced relish. Over this lay another slice of bread prepared as the first. Lay them neatly on each other until the place is filled.

MARBLED BEEF.—Take a long thin piece of side of fresh beef. Remove the skin of the inside, and strip as a beef stake preparing for the griddle. Sprinkle slightly with salt, and freely with cinnamon, mace, allspice and brown sugar, mixed; let it lie thus twenty-four hours or longer in cold weather. Prepared light bread crumbs, savory herbs and chopped yolks of hard-boiled eggs, as for stuffing a fowl. Lay the meat flat on the table and spread thickly with this preparation, which may be moistened with wine. Roll the meat around a block to two inches diameter, tie neatly and roast or bake well, basting with wine and water. When done, the stick must be drawn out and the crevice filled with stiff jelly. If served hot, send its own gravy, nicely browned, to the table with it. But this is usually prepared for lunch or party suppers, and served cold, in which case do not draw out the wooden bolt or cut the string until entirely cold; then coat the outside as well as fill the central sperture with nice jelly, and otherwise ornament as occasion requires. Cut entirely through in half-inch slices, and it presents a pretty marbled appearance, and is very nice to the palate. Venison and mutton are both dressed by the same directions.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

FOUNDER IN HORSES.

The chest founder is produced by violent exercise on a full stomach and drinking large quantities of cold water—by the use of mould corn, oats, &c., or by eating large quantities of green food while performing hard labor. The seat of the disease is in the lungs. The heart and liver are also considerably enlarged, insomuch that there is not room for them to perform their office with ease. The liver, lungs, diaphragm and surrrading parts are all covered with large brown spots, and are much inflamed.

SYMPTOMS.—A horse that is chest (body foundered) foundered, will straddle with his fore-legs, showing an unwillingness to bring his feet together; and if they are placed near each other he will not permit them to remain so for a minute; indeed they are frequently eighteen inches apart, which is caused by a fullness and continual uneasiness about the chest, the cavity being too small to contain the lungs, &c., in their enlarged situation, with ease. The hind legs are free from the palsied appearance of those before, and it is not difficult to distinguish it from a common founder, as it is wanting in all its symptoms, except the stiff and numbed appearance of the legs. Large bleedings should be resorted to, and a tablespoonful of the Macassar horse powders, mixed with a quarter of an ounce ef Barbadoes aloes, given internally will generally effect a cure. To all the readers of the "Dollar Newspaper" who wish more information on the diseases of horses, and the recipe for the Macascar horse powders, I will send it postage free, to any address, for $2. The Macassar horse powders will eradicate all stretching in horses, &c.

J. B. LONGAKER, V. S.
Limerick Square P. O., Montgomery Co., Pa

FLAX MACHINE.

[The Rural New Yorker thus speaks of the machine for breaking flax, exhibited by Sanford & Mallory at the N. Y State Fair:]

"The development of flax culture in this country is developing machinery adapted to its economical preparation for use. And while much of this effort is made in the direction of cottonizing flax, and with some success, there is a demand for machinery by which the fibre, no matter in what shape it comes from the field, may be rapidly, economically and efficiently prepared for spinning. We have before spoken of Sanford & Mallory's Flax Brakes. Since we last saw them in operation, they have been much improved; that is, they have been made simpler and more durable by change of gearing, and more evenly by diminishing the size of the corrugated rollers or revolving brakes, consequently the size of the corrugations. Here we see it being operated. Unrotted flax is put through these brakes, and woody material separated from the fibre without injury to the latter. This is a great triumph; and while it is an unnecessary one for practical purposes, it illustrates the efficiency and adaptability of these machines to the character of the work they are required to perform. No machine can possibly do its work better. And these are adapted to the necessities of the farmer with his few acres of flax to break, and to the manufacturer with his hundreds of tons."

BONES FOR MANURE.

A very valuable manure may be prepared from bones, dissolved in sulphuric acid diluted. Take any number of tight, wooden-hooped casks, set them under cover, or shelter them with boards. Put in, say, eight gallons of water; then pour in a little at a time, to prevent too great heat, two and one-half to three gallons of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), which may be bought for a few cents per pound by the carboy of the manufacturer or druggist. Now put in, and punch down with a stick all the bones the liquid will cover, or even more. Leave them to soak for several weeks, stirring them well, and punching them down every two or three days, adding more bones as there is room. After six to eight weeks, take out the undissolved pieces, and mix the liquid with a large quantity of dry muck or loam to dry off. This will make a better article, cheaper and stronger than anything which the market affords, if the acid and bones can be had at a moderate cost.

Care should be taken in preparing it, not to get any of the fluid on the flesh or clothes, as it would make sores and destroy clothing. Some weak lye and a bucket of water should be at hand to wash off with, in case of accident.

STEAM TILLAGE IN ENGLAND.

Steam tillage was said, at a recent meeting of the Social Science Congress, to be the prominent triumph of British agriculture. By it land previously drained was broken up in a third of the time before necessary to cultivate it for inferior crops, while the saving in horse labor had been very satisfactory, and met almost the expenditure of working steam power, and the capital required in establishing it—while the treading of horses, which did much harm, was obviated, and the evil consequences of bad seasons were overcome. The expense of plowing with Fowler's steam plow shows great economy over the ordinary plow. The cost with its tackle is £1,000. An agriculturist who has tried it states that he has had it in use for plowing one hundred days in the year on an average, that he allows five per cent. interest and ten per cent. more for wear and tear, on seventenths its cost, as the engine is in use for threshing machine, chaff-cutting, sawing, grinding, &c., three-tenths the time, and that adding to the foregoing allowance, 7s. 4d. per day for repairs of engine tackle, 15s. 6d. per day for repairs, for coal, oil, and tallow; 11s. per day for wages of attendants, and 7s. per day for water cart, he makes the average cost of plowing in this way a fraction under 8s. (say not quite $2) per acre. As the price for plowing by horses in his neighborhood was more than 50 per cent. higher—from 12s. to 14s. per acre—the saving was very great. Eight acres plowing was an average day's work.

HOW TO MAKE HENS LAY.

The following statement was communicated to the Boston Transcript:

"For several years past I have spent a few weeks of the latter part of August on the Kennebec river in Maine. The lady with whom I stopped is a highly accomplished and intelligent housewife. She supports a "hennery," and from her I derived my information in this matter. She told me that for many years she had been in the habit of administering to her hens with their common food at the rate of a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper each alternate day to a dozen of her fowls. Last season when I was with her, each morning she brought in twelve or fourteen eggs, having but sixteen hens in all. She again and again experimented in the matter, by omitting to feed with the Cayenne for two or three days. The consequence invariably was, that her product of eggs fell off to five or six per day. The same effect of using the Cayenne is produced in winter as well as summer."

BUTTER INCREASED BY WATER.

A New York Dairyman furnishes the following advice for the Genessee Farmer: "There has a great deal been said about butter-making, but I thought, as I had had a little experience, I might offer a few hints that may be of use to some of your many readers. When cows are feeding on dry feed, the milk is thicker or richer than when feeding on juicy grasses; then add warm water when setting the milk, in quantities sufficient to make it as the milk from ordinary cows in May or June. The milk from some cows in the spring and summer months is very thick and rich; then add cold water if the weather be hot. I have practiced the above, and it has increased the quantity from one to three pounds per cow, each week."

MAKE THE BARNS COMFORTABLE.

When lumber and labor are so scarce and so high, few will think of building new barns, but they should try to make the old ones comfortable. And this especially on the approach of winter. If the siding is poor, board it up on the inside of the studs, and fill up the space between with swale hay, straw or shavings. If the underpinning is loose, chink it up before frost. If the floors of the stalls are rotten or worn thin, repair them or pull them up and lay dirt floors before the stock break through and break their legs. Any handy farmer can profitably attend to such jobs on rainy days, with small expense except for boards and nails.

TO FATTEN POULTRY.

To fatten poultry for Thanksgiving and Christmas cheaply, so that it will be tender and juicy, mingle equal quantities of wheat flour and Indian corn meal together, and wet the mass with boiling hot water, and let the fowls have access to it all day. Also let them have access to clean water and some boiled potatoes. Prepare a fresh batch for them every morning. By allowing them to have access to food at all times, they will consume less and fat en faster than they will to feed them several times a day. Fowls need food very often and but a little at one feeding, in order to fatten very fast.

BLEEDING.—In many cases of severe bleeding at the lungs, and when other remedies usually failed, Dr. Rush found that two teaspoonsful of salt completely stayed the flow of blood.

AUTUMN VERSES.

BY S. D. HARRIS.

Autumn, like a giant reaper,
With his bronzed and brawny hand,
Gathers in his ample bosom,
The ungleaned harvest of the land.

Other Reapers sped before him,
Culling from the burdened field;
And with sickles bright and busy,
Garnered up its choicest yield.

And the Gleaners coming after,
Scanty kribs still scantier stored,
For the Winter's stern appeacing,
At the bare and lowly board.

Reapers, Gleaners, all have left us—
Winds among the red leaves play,
As they rustle to our footsteps,
On this bright October day!

But upon the woody hill-side
We have found a dainty comer,
Gem upon the skirt of Autumn—
Children call it "Farewell Summer."

With its modest pearly blossom,
On a swart and rugged stem,
Like the Love of Mountain Chieftain—
Glory of his diadem!

Yonder in the heavens frowning,
Winter's storm clouds darkly lower,
And the snow-flake's fleecy mantle,
Herald Nature's funeral hour.

By this sun's dim, fitful gleaming,
And this wind's low sobbing breath,
We will now, like after gleaners,
Snatch thee from the lap of Death!

[*Ohio Farmer.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

CAPTURE OF THE FLORIDA.

THE CORSAIR CUT OUT FROM THE MIDST OF THE BRAZILIAN FLEET—THE WACHUSETT FIRED UPON BY FORT ST. MARCELLUS—PURSUIT BY TWO BRAZILIAN MEN OF-WAR.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9, 1864.—Paymaster Williams, of the Wachusett, arrived here this evening, and delivered the official report of the capture of the pirate Florida. In consequence of possible complications that may arise with Brazil, it is not thought advisable to publish the official report at present. No additional particulars of importance are contained in it beyond what has already appeared.

The following is a list of the officers of the Florida captured by the Wachusett:—First Lieutenant, T. K. Porter; Chief Engineer, N. S. Thompson; Acting Masters, G. H. Bryan and T. T. Hunter; Assistant Surgeon, T. Emory; First Assistant Engineer, Wm. Ahern; Second Assistant Engineer, J. B. Brown; Captain's Clerk, W. D. Hough; Mr. Dulaney, passenger on the Mondamon, captured by the Florida and recaptured on board the Florida; Passed Assistant Surgeon, S. G. Stewne; Passed Assistant Surgeon, T. J. Charlton; Master B. S. Floyd; Acting Master, Perry Sinclair. Messrs. Porter, Thompson, Bryan, Stewne, Charlton and Floyd were formerly officers in the United States Navy.

THE CAPTURE OF THE FLORIDA.

The Confederate war steamer Florida arrived at Bahia, Bay of San Salvador, Brazil, October 5, having captured and burned the bark Mondamon, from Rio, off Pernambuco, on the 28th of September. The U. S steamer Wachusett, Captain Napoleon Collins, had been lying several days in the port of Bahias and the Florida at first anchored in the offing. The Brazilian Admiral immediately sent a message requesting her to come inside, which she did, anchoring in the midst of the Brazilian fleet, and close under the guns of the principal fort, which is located upon an island in the middle of the harbor.

Certain parties in Bahia, which is a commercial city of considerable importance, with one of the best harbors in the world, being interested in American affairs, bestirred themselves to bring about an engagement between the Wachusett and the Florida, firmly confident that the result of such an encounter would be another Union victory as complete as that won last summer in the British Channel. On the morning of the 6th of October they carried a challenge to Captain Morris, of the Florida, to move outside the limits of Brazilian jurisdiction and fight the Wachusett. The rebel commander declined to receive the missive which the Brazilian resident had prepared on account of some informality in its address. During the afternoon of the same day a Hungarian citizen living in Bahia, and sympathizing with our government in its struggle with rebellion, waited upon Captain Morris and endeavored to induce him to consent to an action between his ship and the Union gunboat, but without success. Captain Morris, however, stated that if he happened to be in with the Wachusett during a cruise, he should willingly engage in a contest with her, but that on no account would he consent to leave a safe harbor for the express purpose of having an engagement.

All efforts on the part of outside parties to bring on a naval battle in open water between the two vessels proving unavailing, Captain Collins promptly took into consideration the other means which suggested themselves for ridding the seas of the most dangerous enemy of our commerce. In the evening of the same day above mentioned, Thursday, October 6, he called a council of his officers to debate the subject. An important element in the consideration was the fact that the convenient harbor of Bahia had three openings into the Atlantic, by any one of which the Florida could make her escape whenever the darkness of the night favored her purpose, without the possibility of one Union vessel preventing it. It is stated that the council of officers were also possessed of information that the Florida had repeatedly seized and burned American ships within three miles of the coast of Brazil, in defiance of every law of neutrality, without the slightest objection of any sort being made by the Brazilian authorities. Taking into consideration all the facts in the case, the council adjourned, with but one dissenting vote among all the officers of the Wachusett, that the scheme proposed of seizing the rebel cruiser at her anchorage should be carried out. Captain Collins immediately gave the orders for accomplishing the design agreed upon, saying that with the very deepest regret he felt that the conduct of the Brazilian government in permitting piracies within the shadow of its shores had made the step an imperatively necessary one. It may be remarked here that it was known, after the seizure of the Florida, that arrangements had been made for her escape from the harbor on the very next night, for a new career of depredation upon our shipping.

The preparations for the encounter were made with great celerity and complete secrecy, and at about three o'clock in the morning of Friday, October 7, the cables were slipped, and the Wachusett bore down upon the rebel vessel under full head of steam. So little expectation was there of such a proceeding, that one half the officers and crew of the Florida, seventy in number, and including Captain Morris, were carousing on shore, and the remainder, having just returned from a similar absence, were in no condition to repel an assault. The Florida's officer of the deck supposed the collision which he saw to be imminent, to be merely accidental, and cried out, "You will run into us if you don't look out." The design of Captain Collins was simply to strike the Florida amidships with full steam on, crush in her side, and send her at once to the bottom, beyond the possibility of causing further trouble to any one. The Wachusett, however, did not strike her adversary fairly, but hit her in the stern, carrying away the mizzenmast and mainyard. The Florida was not seriously injured by the collision, but the broken spar fell across the awning over the hatchway in such a manner as to prevent her crew from getting on deck from below. The recoil which followed the shock carried the Wachusett back several yards. In the confusion which ensued several pistol shots were fired from both vessels, chiefly at random, and entirely without effect. Two of the guns of the Wachusett were also discharged by accident, according to one report, and as another version has it, by order of one of the Union lieutenants. The shots did not strike the Florida.

Captain Collins, of the Wachusett, immediately thundered out a demand on the rebel craft, "Surrender, or I will blow you out of the water." The lieutenant in charge of the Florida may be excused for considerable amazement, but had still presence of mind to reply, "Under the circumstances, I surrender." Without the delay of an instant dozens of gallant tars boarded the prize and made fast a hawser connecting her with their own vessel, and the Wachusett turned her course seaward, moving at the top of her speed and towing the Florida in her wake.

The fleet of Brazilian vessels, which entirely surrounded the little space of water on which the brief battle had been fought, was so situated that the two American steamers were obliged to pass under the stern of one of the largest in order to penetrate their line. The Wachusett was challenged, but did not deign a word of reply, and the Florida, when hailed and commanded to halt, a moment after, replied that a pause was impossible, as she was towed by the vessel in front. The Brazilians soon guessed the state of affairs, and in another moment or two the heavy guns of the fort, under the very muzzles of which the capture had been made, opened fire on the Wachusett, as she disappeared in the morning darkness. Three shots were fired after her, all passing harmlessly far above her pennant, and striking the water beyond.

To the reader it seems that all this must have taken a considerable time, but the testimony of a careful officer on the Wachusett, corroborated by the surgeon of the Florida, assures us that from the time the Wachusett first slipped her cable and steamed upon the rebel cruiser to the moment when the echoes of the last gun from the Brazilian fortress had died away, was only twenty minutes by the watch. Certainly, no page of history can show a more daring achievement, or one executed with more brilliant rapidity or more complete success.

The Brazilian naval commander in Bahia harbor acted with all the promptness which could have been expected, and in a few moments the dawn of day disclosed two vessels of the Brazilian fleet doing their utmost to pursue and overhaul the Wachusett and her prize. They were a heavy sloop-of-war and a small armed steamer, neither of them any match in point of speed for the handiwork of New England mechanics, and soon gave up the chase as the Union and rebel steamers disappeared below the horizon.

Captain Collins soon ordered the ships to heave to, and examined his prize. He found that neither vessel was materially damaged by the collision, and that there had been no injury to life or limb from the confused firing which followed it. Twelve officers and fifty-eight men of the Florida's crew were captured, and all her stores, papers, records, &c., were found undisturbed in the cabin. The two vessels soon steamed for St. Thomas, arriving there on the 29th ult., and finding the Kearsage already in port. It was intended to keep the matter at Bahia a secret at St. Thomas; but it was accidentally revealed by a seaman of the Wachusett to one of the crew of the Kearsage, and some hints of it got wind in the town, causing great excitement there. The Florida remained outside the bay, while the Wachusett entered to obtain coal.

Acting Assistant Paymaster W. W. Williams, of the Wachusett, Surgeon Charlton, of the Florida, and sixteen of the crew of the privateer, were transferred to the Kearsage, which sailed October 31, and arrived here at midnight on Monday, as previously reported. Paymaster Williams being charged with despatches for the Government, left by the earliest train yesterday morning for Washington. The Wachusett and Florida were to sail from St. Thomas on the 2d inst. for New York, where they may now be daily expected.

The crew of the Florida is composed of Englishmen, Irishmen, Germans, &c., and contains no citizens of the rebel States. Among her officers, however, are several Southerners. Surgeon Charlton, who is now on board the Kearsarge, is a native of Georgia. He was, before the war, an officer in the United States Navy, and was stationed for several years in Chelsea. He has many acquaintances in Boston. He was here on the day of President Lincoln's first election, and left shortly after to tender his services to the Southern Confederacy. He is a gentleman in appearance and manner, and not reluctant to speak of the circumstances of his capture and the condition of our national affairs. He wears the full uniform of the rebel naval service, of plain gray cloth, with the rank indicated by shoulder straps, as in the Union costume.

Surgeon Charlton expresses full confidence that his captivity will last for only a very limited period, believing that the whole affair will terminate as did the seizure of Mason and Slidell three years ago. If the demands which he thinks will be made by the Brazilian Government are disregarded by our authorities, he looks for an endorsement of the claims by the Governments of Great Britain, France and Spain, in such a manner as to compel compliance.

Surgeon Charlton estimates that the Florida has steamed over forty thousand miles since she left Brest, not having spent ten days in port in nine months. During her career she has captured about forty American vessels.

The Kearsarge has on board one or two prisoners taken from the Alabama last summer. She still bears upon her sides the marks of that desperate encounter, and will have to undergo a thorough overhauling and refitting during her stay in this port. She will probably go out of commission in a few days, and will receive new sails and rigging, and be repaired in every part during the winter at the Charlestown Navy Yard. Her cruise has lasted three years, and she has steamed about thirty-five thousand miles since she sailed on her maiden voyage from Portsmouth in 1861. She now lies just off the navy yard, in full view of our wharves, where hundreds of people will float to see the gallant little steamer that so nobly vanquished and destroyed, in romantic single combat, the freebooter which was for so long the terror of our mercantile marine. The officers and crew of the Kearsarge as is announced in another place, are to have a public reception to-morrow in Faneuil Hall, and we trust that they will receive such an ovation as will give them an adequate idea of the estimation in which their invaluable services are held by the merchants and the public generally of Boston and of the Union.

TEN OF THE FLORIDA'S PRISONERS AT PORTO RICO.

[From the Diaro de la Marina of Havana.]

By the Peninsula mail steamer we have received papers from Porto Rico to the 31st ult., but as the lateness of the hour does not permit us to make a complete view of their contents, we will limit ourselves to say that on the 23d, a battalion of volunteer militia of Porto Rico left for St. Domingo; and on the 26th the Spanish polacca Vestal, from Montevideo, arrived at the port of the capital, having on board ten North American prisoners (three captains, two mates and five sailors), who were captured by the commander of the Confederate corsair Florida. These persons belonged to the ships Snow Squall, Mondamon and Ocean, captured and burned by the privateer.

THE JEWS.

The Jewish Messenger newspaper has the following remarks: For the information of Mr. Worrall, the Tribune, the Herald, and "all whom it may concern," we wish to state that Mr. Belmont is simply the New York correspondent of the house of Rothschild; that though a Jew by birth, he married out of the faith many years ago, is not connected with a Jewish congregation, and is universally repudiated as a Jew; that the Rothschilds have never assisted the rebel treasury to the extent of a dollar; that their sympathies and active co-operation have been with the Government, based on liberty as its main principle, as stated by Baron de Rothschild, of Frankfort, to the U. S. Consul General, Mr. Murphy, and published in these columns two years ago; that the only banker of any note who upholds the Confederate cause in Europe, is Mr. Erlanger, of Paris, who used to be a "Jew," but was converted to "Christianity," and married Mr. Slidell's daughter. For the sake of consistency, and not administering a brcadside to political opponents, we cannot permit a public speaker, or a newspaper to calumniate the Jewish people, or identify them with the acts of individuals accidentally of Hebrew parentage, and their connection with our community ending there. It is perfectly unjustifiable to assail the American Israelites with slurs, sneers, attempted witticisms and so called sarcasm, based on the erroneous supposition that Belmont, the Jew and agent of the Rothschilds, are interested against the Union because they cannot make money out of it," and "the little Jew Benjamin," who certainly cannot be a more decided traitor than his master, Davis, of whom it is recorded that "he attends service regularly on Sundays, and is very devout."

We are compelled to speak out thus plainly, for we are met daily with obnoxious "points" and "paragraphs," having hatred, envy, fear, or jealousy of the Jew as their basis. It may be flattering to be told that all the money the Union party spends is loaned by Jews, but it is false, that all the funds in the Democratic treasury are supplied by "Rothschild's agent;" that all contractors are Jews, and nobody can sell a decent pair of spurs, or furnish an army with straw bails, unless a regular attendant on a Synagogue; that the twenty thousand Jewish votes in New York city have all been pledged to Lincoln or McClellan, and that the issue of the election depends on the dictum of a worshipful Chief Rabbi, who decides by a mysterious, cabalistic, supernatural sign, how the soldiers' ballots shall read when the "sympathetic ink" is disclosed by electricity, or some other unheard-of force. But these things we know to be romances, and not more decidedly so than the stories told daily by "campaigners." What a singular influence the Jews do exercise, even unconsciously! It may be a pity to disabuse our "admiring friends," but truth is our motto, and "it must prevail."

THE CAPTURE OF PLYMOUTH.

Commander Macomb's Account.

Commander Macomb has transmitted the official report of the taking of Plymouth. He says:

After the return of Lieutenant W. B. Cushing from his expedition to blow up the Albemarle Plymouth, I determined on making